

**SPECIAL
REPORT**

**THE SAN FRANCISCO BASKETBALL SCANDAL
AND THE UNTOLD STORY OF THE QUINTIN DAILEY CASE**

Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 9, 1982 \$1.50

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Staff Photographer Lane Stewart stopped outside Winslow, Ariz., a few weeks ago to phone the office for his next assignment. "I was in the middle of the desert," he says, "in one of those places with a bush, a rock and a filling station/general store." So imagine his reaction when Picture Editor Barbara Henckel asked him to rustle up a Napoleon uniform, size extra large, in which to photograph Tom Glaviss for the story about the Denver Broncos' guard that begins on page 30. This was late on a Thursday. The uniform had to be located by Friday so it could be flown to Denver for a Monday shooting, but not to worry. Stewart started to call his contacts around the country.

"John? This is Lane. I need an extra-large Napoleon suit by Monday. What do you think?" John thought Western Costume Co. in Los Angeles might have one. Stewart persuaded him to make the call and arrange shipping, and left for Denver, where two pleasant surprises awaited him.

The first came when he met Glaviss and discovered that they share a mutual interest in military miniatures. This is a hobby wherein one a) buys a casting of a soldier in a hobby shop, researches a uniform and paints the figure, or b) sculpts a figure from scratch or alters a plastic one using epoxy putty. Glaviss indulges in the former, Stewart in the latter. "There's a trend in modeling today toward telling little stories in vignettes," says Stewart. One of Stewart's is of a French dragoon astride a horse, lifting a stein of beer off a tray held by an innkeeper standing under a sign that says *L'Aigle* (French for The Eagle). Hidden behind the innkeeper's gate is a sign that says *Gasthof Zum Adler* (German for Inn of the Eagle).

"I've always had a little fun with my figures," says Stewart. "The dragoon originally had a rifle in his hand. I started thinking about beer, then I thought I could concoct the innkeeper, and the signs just followed from that." Stewart spent about 150 hours on this particular vignette, which is one of a dozen he has created. He has entered his works in modeling competitions, and has won an award for every figure he's shown.



STEWART AND THE NAPOLEON CONNECTION

Before he met Stewart, Glaviss had been painting his figures with enamel, but while they waited for the Napoleon uniform to arrive, Stewart taught him how to do them with oils. "The colors are more nearly permanent," says Stewart, "and you blend them with these very fine brushes, right on the figure. We spent a whole afternoon painting a British grenadier."

Stewart got his second surprise when he picked up the uniform at the airport and discovered a label on the inside of the cloak that read: M. Brando. "My God," I thought, "Brando's cloak!" I was really excited," Glaviss, on the other hand, donned the uniform and announced in a funeral tone, "I've had this on before," a remark that will become clear when you read the article.

At any rate, when Stewart finished shooting Glaviss, he couldn't resist putting on the cloak, which Brando had worn when he played Napoleon in the 1954 movie *Desiree*. Neither Glaviss nor Stewart felt an urge to invade Russia, however. Instead, they went out and attacked a couple of steaks.

Philip D. Howard

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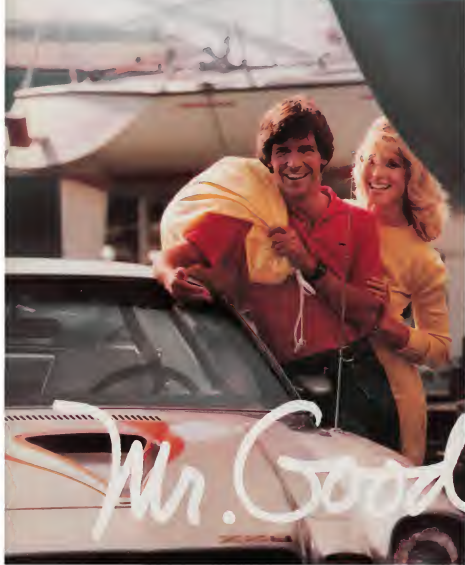


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Sports Illustrated



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RALEIGH LIGHTS

PRAISE FOR LO SCHIAVO

Some criticism has been leveled at Rev. John Lo Schiavo, president of the University of San Francisco, for his Draconian decision to drop varsity basketball at USF (page 62). Too severe, some said. Too harsh. Look at USF's glorious basketball past. Couldn't something be worked out?

But Father Lo Schiavo decided that the reputation and integrity of the university were at stake, and there has been outspoken support for his action. Dean Smith, coach of North Carolina's NCAA basketball champions, said, "He was right. The integrity of the university is far more important." Joe Paterno, Penn State football coach, said, "I very much admire Father Lo Schiavo. I think if you can't control the people who refuse to understand that a school has a primary function to be an academic institution with integrity, then athletics are not worth it, no matter how important they are." Bobby Knight, Indiana's volatile basketball coach, said, "I was shocked that a university president would be willing to do that. It was a courageous move. The move he made was the only way many athletes and coaches will understand that control rests with the president. We need more like him."

AS OTHERS SEE US

Pacific Islands Monthly is a lively little journal that covers doings in the islands of the Pacific, from Tahiti to Fiji to New Caledonia to the Solomons. Sometimes the rest of the world seems a bit odd to the folks in those remote parts. For example, Great Britain. A century ago Britain regularly sent missionaries to the islands to convert the heathen. Now, according to the May 1982 issue of the *Monthly*, an ex-captain of Western Samoa's rugby team, the Reverend Fatale Talapua of the United Reformed Church, has gone to the English Midlands to bring Christianity to the population there. "Basically, Britain is an irreligious country," says Talapua, and the *Monthly* points out that while 80% of the people in Western Samoa actively practice Christianity, 80% of those in England never set foot in a church.

Nor does America get off unscathed,

The same issue notes that two students from Samoa High School in American Samoa have won football scholarships to U.S. colleges. Moamoa Vaeao will attend the University of Hawaii and Teleni Wright will go to Arizona State, trying to emulate the football careers of such Samoan stars as Mosiula Tatupe and Wilson Faumaina. "American 'gridiron,'" comments the *Monthly*, "like baseball, appears to be one of the main reasons why universities exist in the United States. Ability to play the game seems as much an asset as brains when competing for a place in the university."

Hmmm.

PRIVATE LIVES

Harvey's Wallbangers, otherwise known as the Milwaukee Brewers (SI, July 12), are a breed apart. Not only are the Wallbangers the hardest-hitting lineup in baseball, but they also have the oddest collection of biographical data in the game. Manager Harvey Kuenn, for example, has survived stomach surgery, a heart-bypass operation and the amputation of his right leg below the knee. First Base Coach Ron Hansen is one of only eight men in major league history to pull off an unassisted triple play, which he achieved in 1968 when he was toiling at shortstop for the Washington Senators. Hansen's opposite number, Third Base Coach Harry Warner, played professional ball for 17 consecutive seasons, all of them in the minor leagues—without so much as a snuff of the legs. And the full given name of Pitching Coach Cal McLish is, as all trivia buffs know, Calvin Coolidge Julius Caesar Tuska-homa McLish.

And it isn't just the teaching faculty, so to speak. Pitcher Pete Vuckovich was a blue baby at birth and nearly strangled on his umbilical cord. When he was 15, peritonitis set in after his appendix burst. At 23, he had a tumor removed from his temple in an eight-hour operation. At 20, going 105 mph, he drove off an interstate highway in the rain, and though he wasn't injured, his car rolled over six times as it tumbled down a 60-foot embankment. At 21, he narrowly escaped electrocuting himself when he just missed backing into a 15,000-watt gener-

ator. Vuckovich says, "Now you know why I don't get excited when somebody rips a line drive off my head. I live life to the fullest."

SOMETHING FISHY

"The people who live around here better pray a lot because this is what fishing must be like in hell," complained Jimmy Houston of Cookson, Okla., one of 279 fishermen taking part in a bass tournament on the Ohio River at Cincinnati. "It's not that there aren't fish in the river—heck, I caught 29 today. But only one measured over 14 inches."

BASS, the fishermen's group that sponsored the tournament, picked the Ohio as the site of the competition in part for the publicity the event would generate in a metropolitan area like Cincinnati. It got a bit more than it bargained for. In the tournament the total weight of all legal-sized bass (14-inch minimum in this case, with a maximum of seven "keepers" a day) caught by a fisherman



during the three-day competition determined the winner, but nearly half the competitors at Cincinnati failed to catch even one fish large enough to qualify. The winning total weight of 16 pounds 5 ounces was a record low for the winner of a BASS tournament.

There also was something of a scandal. Some fishermen, frustrated by their failure to catch anything of legal size, stationed themselves along the river near

continued



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SOME SERIOUS NOTES ON MOVING.

By Victor Borge

When you move, make sure your mail arrives at your new address right after you do.

The key is this: Notify everyone who regularly sends you mail one full month before you move. One last serious note. Use your new ZIP Code. 

**Don't make your mail come looking for you.
Notify everyone a month before you move.**

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SCORECARD continued

Cincinnati's public landing, where fish caught by competitors were weighed in and then released. One of them, Tom Jurkewicz of Crystal River, Fla., landed seven keepers on the last day whose combined weight zoomed him into second place. Officials conceded there was nothing in the rules against fishing near the release point, but eyebrows were raised by muffed also-runs. Next year, said BASS, when the world bass-fishing championship will be held at Cincinnati, the catches will be carted downtown, weighed there and then sent off in fish-tank trucks to be released elsewhere.

CHECKING UP

The phone rang in United Press International's sports department on a recent Sunday afternoon and the following conversation ensued:

"UPI sports."

"How did George Burns do in the golf tournament?"

"Who is this?" (Sports desks don't have time to look up information for everyone who calls.)

"This is his wife."

"Oh. Just a minute. Let's see, he finished in a six-way tie for 12th."

"How much money did he make?"

INDIAN COLLUSION

Knowledgeable track and field fans agree that pole vaulters are a breed apart. They're marvelous athletes, the best all-around athletes in the sport, except for decathlon competitors, but they tend sometimes to be a little odd, a little strange, a little quirky.

Consider David Volz of Indiana University, the American record holder in the event (18' 9½"). Volz lives in Bloomington, Ind., locale of the popular film *Breaking Away* a few years back. He has been known to visit the flooded limestone quarry that was featured in the film and leap into the water from the topmost ledge. He also jumped from the catwalk near the ceiling of the Indiana University Field House to the pole vault pit 50 feet or so below.

In any case, Volz has developed extraordinary presence in midair. At the U.S./West Germany/Africa triangular meet in Durham, N.C. at the end of June, at which Volz set his American record, he did an amazing thing. According to veteran track and field observers who

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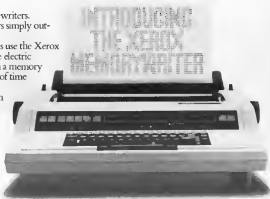
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were watching the pole vault competition that day, on his record attempt Volz jostled the crossbar loose as he went over it, and then casually reached out and replaced it on the standards before dropping into the pit. There is nothing in the rules that says a competitor can't do that, and so the attempt stands as a legal vault—and a record.

DUKE AND HIS DUCATS

The University of Southern California is threatening to sue the NCAA over sanctions the collegiate governing body has placed on USC for various infractions of the rules. The Trojans have been blistered with plenty of unfavorable publicity in recent years because of the special treatment and financial emoluments its star athletes have received, but apparently it may have been even thus, although perhaps to a lesser degree. At any rate, if you leaf through *The Trojans*, a history of USC football by Ken Rappoport you find mention of a lineman named Marion Morrison of Glendale High School who entered Southern Cal in 1925. Rappoport says Morrison, on a football scholarship, "soon established himself as a sculper supreme. He got two tickets as a player himself and then bought tickets from other students. He turned these into fast profits, buying them for \$10 and selling them for \$15."

Marion Morrison, as trivia fans know, became a great success later after he changed his name to John Wayne.

DEAN'S DREAM TEAM

Baseball fans are forever arguing about alltime All-Star teams, but 18-year-old Dean Aldridge of Arcadia, Calif., who has been a collector since he was eight, has a different slant on the subject. Dean, who has amassed a valuable 125,000-card collection, has used two standard guides, *Card Price Update* and *The Sport Americana Baseball Card Price Guide*, and his own knowledge gleaned from his extensive forays into the market to prepare a lineup of the cards valued highest according to player position. With current values, here's his team:

1B—Lou Gehrig (card issued 1934, current market price \$225); 2B—Nap Lajoie (1933, \$7,000); 3B—Eddie Mathews (1952, \$350); SS—Honus Wagner (1910, \$15,000); LF—Ted Williams (1954, \$650); CF—Mickey Mantle (1952,

\$1,000); RF—Roger Maris (1967, \$700); C—Yogi Berra (1951, \$350); P—Eddie Plank (1910, \$6,000).

As with other collectibles, baseball card prices are subject to severe fluctuations. Thus, the Mantle card has fallen sharply from a high of \$3,800 in 1979. On the other hand, the price of the Wagner, the MVP of baseball cards, has been stable for years. The Maris card is of special interest. When Maris was traded from the Yankees to the Cardinals in 1967, Topps mistakenly pictured him in a Yankee uniform, caught the error and stopped printing the cards. The cards were blank on the back; Maris' statistics hadn't been printed. Some of the blank-backed cards got on the market, and they've been coveted ever since.

Aldridge is obviously a very provident young man. He owns five of the cards himself—Lajoie, Mantle, Maris, Williams and Gehrig—with a total value of \$9,575. Just think: Only \$21,700 more and he could own the whole lineup.

A less admirable type took more direct action late in July to augment his collection. A thief raided an exhibit at a shopping mall in the suburbs of Rochester, N.Y. and, ignoring \$75,000 worth of antiques, swiped prize baseball cards on display from the \$10,000 collection of Mark Draper, including a 1933 Babe Ruth worth \$325. Hey, that's no way to build a dream team.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL

In an attempt to "dramatize and call attention to" the need for physical activity, 32-year-old William Hill of Sierra Vista, Ariz. decided to run 90 miles nonstop through Death Valley. No slouch, this Will Hill. He did some research and found that July is historically the hottest month of the year in the Valley. The hottest week is July 19-25. The highest temperature ever recorded there, on July 15, 1972, was 201°. Hill planned his run for July 23, starting at noon. He trained for his ordeal by running in place inside a sauna, doing calisthenics in a steam bath and running in a rubber suit.

Escorted by a van provided by his sponsor, a local International Fitness Center, Hill set out in 106° heat—it went up to 121°—and covered the first 20 miles in close to four hours, a reasonably brisk pace. He seemed to have things well in hand until, unexpectedly, a sandstorm kicked up. With alkaline dust stinging his

skin and choking his breath, Hill struggled on another six miles. It wasn't until the wind blew the sunroof off the van that Hill decided to call it quits. "How do you train for a sandstorm?" he asked plaintively.

Despite his disappointment, Hill is looking forward to a 100-mile run on his birthday in October and then next year in Hawaii an "Iron Man" competition, one of those 75-mile torture courses divided into three parts: cross-country run, bicycle race and ocean swim. He has the problem of preparing for ocean swimming in arid Arizona but thinks he's found the answer: an isometric contraption devised by Jack LaLanne which, when worn in a pool, simulates the pull of ocean currents. Now, if there's a sandstorm in the Pacific. . . .

GOOD STICK, WRONG FIELD

Randy Nixon had a frustrating time two weeks ago in New Hampshire's Mount Washington Valley. On Sunday, using a driver, he nailed a 229-yard shot for an ace on the 14th hole at the Wentworth Hall Country Club in Jackson, his first hole in one. Problem was, Nixon is trying to make good on the tennis tour, and the next morning he lost his first-round match to sixth-seed Peter McNamara in the Volvo International, held in neighboring North Conway. Worse still, Nixon, still an amateur, couldn't accept the \$800 he would have won in the tennis tournament if he had been a pro. By the time he finished paying for the mandatory round of drinks he had to buy after his hole in one, he had barely enough cash left to get out of town.

THEY SAID IT

• Senator Thomas Eagleton of Missouri, defending in a Senate debate his state's position as a major brewer of beer, after an opponent raised the possibility of a punitive tax on that beverage: "With respect to my home city of St. Louis, we once proudly had the title 'First in booze, first in shoes, and last in the American League.' We lost our American League team. Our shoes went to Taiwan and Korea. God, do not take from us our beer."

• Dale Berra, Pittsburgh Pirate shortstop and son of noted linguist Yogi Berra, on the comparisons being made between him and his father: "Our similarities are different."

END

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Not Home Free Yet

Atlantans were "World Serious" after their sweep of San Diego. Then L.A. dropped in

by **STEVE WULF**

Atlanta was reveling in Padreicide last Thursday night. The fans in Atlanta-Fulton County Stadium insisted that Centerfielder Dale Murphy come out of the dugout after his second homer of the game put the Braves up 5-1 in the fifth. Brother Francis fired owner Ted Turner atop the dugout of America's Team, as Turner's cable SuperStation trumpets the Braves—with no apologies to the Dallas Cowboys. And after Atlanta scored another run in the sixth, insuring its four-game sweep of second-place San Diego, the message board proclaimed: WE'RE WORLD SERIOUS.

The phone rang in the press box. Public Relations Director Wayne Minshew picked it up and heard the voice of Trainer Dave Pursley: "Joe says to shove 'World Serious. . . .'"

continued

Against the Padres, Murphy was out on this force play; the Braves were in 9-2.

Joe, of course, is Manager Joe Torre. Joe knows hubris when he sees it. Hubris is the classical Greek term for printing World Series tickets in July. "It's too early for that stuff," said Torre. "I don't want to see it again until we make the playoffs."

While most everybody in Atlanta was counting his San Diego Chickens before they hatched, the Los Angeles Dodgers were untracking for a four-game series with the Braves. The world champions had been sleepwalking through most of the season in third place in the NL West, and they arrived in Atlanta 10½ games behind the Braves. They left town on Sunday only six and a half games back, a half game behind the Padres, who rebounded in Cincinnati by taking three of four from the Reds.

Ah, baseball. It's a funny game, a game of inches, a humbling game, a game of peaks and valleys, a game of 162 games. One indication that the Braves' games against San Diego and Los Angeles were important was the opening salvo of pennant race clichés. Said the Dodgers' Steve Garvey, who was off his game until last week, "The hunt is on." Garvey said that one day after *The Atlanta Constitution* announced, "The rout is on in the National League West."

As the week began, Atlanta was five games up on the Padres and eight on the Dodgers, with 16 of its next 22 games against those two teams. The Braves were in the throes of a terrible hitting slump though, having scored in only one of their last 40 innings. Murphy had gone

nine games without a homer and had only one RBI in his last seven games.

So Atlanta swept Tuesday's doubleheader against the Padres to reduce its magic number to 59, with only 66 games remaining. The 6' 5" Murphy had an entire career in one night. He went 5 for 8 with two homers and four RBIs and saved the second game by making a wonderful catch to rob Ruppert Jones of a two-run homer in the top of the 10th. In the 9-2 first-game victory, Bob Walk pitched a five-hitter as Murphy homered, doubled and singled. In the second game, the Braves came back from a 5-1 deficit, thanks largely to two-run homers from Murphy and Chris Chambliss, and sent the game into extra innings. In the top of the 10th, Murphy leaped high over the right centerfield fence to catch Jones's ball, and in the bottom of the inning Second Baseman Glenn Hubbard hit a two-run homer off Gary Lucas to win the game 8-6. The 5' 8" Hubbard, who's called Yosemite Sam because he looks like a miniature mountain man, had pulled a muscle in the first game but talked Torre into starting him anyway in the second game.

Tuesday was also the day that a new book hit the stands, entitled *The Amazing Braves, America's Team*. The book sells for \$3.95 and wins a prize forchutzpah, which is Yiddish for hubris.

On Wednesday, Phil Nickro won his 250th game, 8-6, to give the Braves an eight-game lead over the Padres. Nickro, who pitched for the '64 Milwaukee Braves, is still the ace of the staff with a 10-3 record, bless his 43-year-old knuckleball. Third Baseman Bob Horner, who



Yosemite Sam made a very uplifting DP.

Homer retaliated for two Hawkins brushback pitches with a couple of home runs.



was eclipsed by Murphy this year, also reminded the Padres he was still around with two homers, Nos. 19 and 20, both after brushback pitches from Andy Hawkins.

Wednesday was also the last day for the tepee of Chief Noc-A-Homa, or Chief Noc-A-Homeless as he's now known. The Braves' management decided to dismantle the mascot's home in left field in order to make room for 250 additional seats. "Those are good seats, and we need them," said Minshew. The Chief must now content himself with doing a prayer dance before every game, circulating through the crowd and sharing top-of-the-dugout time with unofficial mascot Brother Francis, a sort of Friar Yuck,

who in real life is Bob Kelly, owner of the Pew & Brew in suburban Marietta. Rumor has it that the Chief and the Monk don't get along, but oo a winner those little things are quickly forgotten. Noc-A-Homa's alter ego is Levi Walker Jr., a 40-year-old part-Chippewa, part-Ottawa Indian from Michigan. He wasn't put out by his eviction. "Any sacrifice I can make for the World Series is O.K. by me," he said. Asked where he would go now, Walker deadpanned, "I don't have any reservations anywhere."

Murphy's 27th homer in the third inning Thursday night gave the Braves a 2-1 lead, and his 28th in the fifth drove Bravesmania to new heights. The gentle giant reluctantly answered the crowd's cheers with a tip of the cap.

In the meantime, Turner was sitting behind the dugout, feet propped up on the roof. "Alice in Wonderland," he said. "That's what this feels like. I'm a 9-year-old on his first trip to Disneyland." Turner missed some of the excitement last month when he was on the Amazon with Jacques Cousteau. The expedition aboard the *Calypso* was for a series the Turner Broadcasting System has partially underwritten to the tune of \$4 million. "They had a satellite phone on board," said Turner, "so I called in every night to find out how the Braves did."

While he was talking, Turner was signing autographs (one on the back of somebody's eye patch), asking people, "You get the cable?" and telling his secretary, Rachel Styles, "I want a letter sent to



The bottom line on Lincecum: a .331 batting average and not your average sliding style.

Ruppert Jones, thanking him for the fine sportsmanship he displayed not running over Phil Niekro at first base last night." Jones leaped over a diving Niekro, injuring his own right foot, and spent the rest of the week on crutches.

When the game was over, the score was 6-2, the Padres were whimpering and the Braves were whooping. "This was the high point of my career," said Jerry Royster, who had two hits, one a two-run triple, and made several fine plays in a rare start at shortstop. The low point? "That's easy. The night in 1977 when we lost our 17th in a row and had that manager for one night." The manager, you may recall, was Ted Turner.

Said Torre, "That 13-game winning

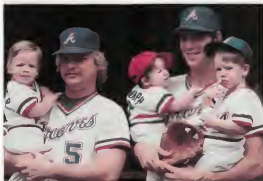
streak we had to open the season was like a guy telling everybody he is going on a diet. He has to do it. Why suffer for a month if you're going to eat like a horse for the next two months?" Torre celebrated Thursday's victory by ordering a half mushroom, half sausage-and-mushroom medium pizza from the Sons of Italy II for himself and Pitching Coach Bob Gibson. Call it 'Shroom At The Top.

Friday night's two-night doubleheader with the Dodgers was the earliest sellout in Atlanta history. After 53 dates, they have drawn 1.28 million fans and will easily surpass the Atlanta record of 1,539,801 set in 1966, their first year down South. They're shooting for 2 million. A parking-lot survey on July 4 found fans from 22 different states. The ticket-sales department began the year with three telephone lines, and now 16 aren't enough to handle the requests.

Blake Cullen, the National League's administrator, was in town Friday to scout out the logistics for the playoff crunch. The Braves have reserved rooms all over town for October. Seated with Turner on Friday night were Jimmy Carter, wife Rosalynn and Miss Lillian.

The Braves went up 6-1 after four, thanks to two homers by lightly used First Baseman Bob Watson. Like Murphy the night before, Watson took a bow. Starter Rick Mahler was breezing along. Even after the Dodgers scored two runs in the fifth, the Braves answered with two in the bottom half of the inning. What a glorious night this was going to be in Atlanta. After all, the Dodgers had

continued



Family Day brought out a tiny Homer, two miniature Murphys and the mighty Dodgers.

a 3-37 record in games in which they were trailing after the sixth inning.

In the sixth the Dodgers narrowed the gap to 8-5, but Steve Bedrosian was on the mound for Atlanta, and the rookie hadn't allowed a run in his last 27 innings. In the seventh, though, Bedrosian



Saturday: Torre was keeping his chin up.

gave up a two-run homer to Ken Landreux (the centerfielder's second for the night) and ended up being charged with five runs as Los Angeles took a 10-8 lead.

In the ninth, the Braves scored once and had men on first and third when pinch hitter Claudell Washington grounded to second to end the game. The nightcap prolonged the nightmare for Atlanta as Bob Welch pitched a six-hitter and Ron Cey and Garvey drove in three runs apiece in an 8-2 L.A. victory.

The doubleheader sweep remanded Garvey of a July 1 doubleheader in 1973. Then, the young Dodgers were playing the role of the Braves, and the Reds were the Dodgers. "This was a little déjà vu. Hal King hit a three-run pinch homer in the bottom of the ninth to beat us in the first game, they won the second, and in a matter of time they eliminated our 11-game lead and won the division. If there's such a thing as justice, hopefully it will happen again."

Dodger pitchers held Murphy and Horner hitless in both games. Afterward, some of the Braves were sitting around the clubhouse, talking Greek tragedy. "The gods would get angry if you were too good," said John Holland, the assistant equipment manager. "Ever hear of hubris, Dale?" Murphy shook his head.

On Saturday, before 46,694 fans, al-



Niekro's knuckleball knuckled under in Sunday's loss.

most none of whom came to see Fernando Valenzuela pitch, the Dodgers won 3-0. Valenzuela gave up only six hits in his best game of the season. The Braves looked as if they were swinging the little giveaway bats on this Bat Day. It was also Family Day for the players, and as the little people in Murphy, Horner, Hubbard and Washington uniforms ran around, the impression was that the Braves were a very young team.

The mood was a touch somber in the

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IOWA'S TEAM**

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SUBSTATION WTBS

Thanks to WTBS, the guys at Puff's White Cap Inn in Storm Lake, Iowa, now know who Biff Poceroba is.

Most evenings in Storm Lake, Iowa, just as the sun begins to set behind the Gooch Feed Mill in the center of town, a new American phenomenon occurs. Hundreds of Storm Lake families—perhaps half the town, says the local newspaper's sports editor, Barry Poe—turn on their television sets to watch their favorite baseball team. The name of that team? Why, none other than the Atlanta Braves.

The fact that the Braves are the rage in America's heartland (Early, Iowa, 14 miles down the road from Storm Lake, claims—probably erroneously—to be the geographical center of the contiguous 48 states) says a little about Atlanta's rise in the standings and a lot about the team's method of broadcasting. Instead of showing games only in the Atlanta area over his independent station, WTBS, Braves owner Ted Turner bounces WTBS's signals off a satellite and aggressively sells his team to 4,152 cable systems covering all 50

states. The result? A fistful of dollars for Turner, to help offset the huge losses incurred by his fledgling Cable News Network, and a Braves fan behind every bush. Incredible as it seems, 21.2 million Americans now can watch Rufino Linares' every move.

In Valdez, Alaska, a hardcable (a) town on the North Slope, about 50 regulars pile into the Totem Inn four afternoons a week to watch the Braves. WTBS provided the first live television in Valdez, according to bar-keeper Louise Steamer, and it's been one long rally ever since. In Reno there are reports, probably apocryphal, that the ladies at a local brothel have hung a team picture of the Braves in one of the public rooms. And in Sunbury, Pa., 105 miles west of Philadelphia, former Phillies fans who have been turned on to Atlanta after tuning in to WTBS charter buses to go see the Braves in Philadelphia or New York.

Then there is Storm Lake, population 6,954, a friendly little town of cornfields, churches, and ice-cream parlors. Traditionally, Storm Lake has been Cardinals and Twins territory. "And the Cubs are still on the tube,



**The U.S.A. Is The
Home Of The Braves**

Braves clubhouse after the loss. "If we're nine games [actually seven] ahead and lose, and feel bad about it, there's something wrong," said Torre. "Everybody's making too big a deal about this," said Horner. "We sweep the Padres, and they were writing off the other teams. We lose three, and they're trying to write us off. They have to go a ways to get us."

Maybe so, but it was less of a ways after Sunday's game. The Braves got off to a spectacular start with First Baseman Chris Chambliss' grand-slam homer in the first off Joe Beckwith, but Los Angeles pecked away against Niekro, tying the score 4-4 in the fifth. Then Dusty Baker and Pedro Guerrero hit back-to-back homers off Carlos Diaz, the Mad Hawaiian, to lead off the seventh. Baker added a two-run homer in the eighth, the 30th hit in the eight games at the stadium last week. L.A. won 9-4.

If the Dodgers do catch the Braves, and they play them four times this week in L.A., Sunday's game might serve as a microcosm of the season. The day did underscore the weakness of the Braves' pitching staff and the importance of Murphy and Horner to the offense. Dodger pitchers held them to three singles in 30 at bats in the series; Murphy, however, still led the league with 28 home runs and 74 RBIs, and was batting .298. So great was the woe that the Braves' broadcaster, Skip Caray, said on WTBS, "Paranoia

is running rampant here." And to think that just the other day a radio interviewer was asking Torre to analyze the possibility of an Atlanta-Milwaukee World Series. In 48 hours, the Braves



Friar Yuk appeals to a higher authority.



Poor Noc-A-Homa lost his reservation.

had gone from Mount Olympus to Hades.

"I don't think we can find a silver lining in this," said Murphy. "We've got to come back and create one. There's still a lot of baseball left."

Ah, baseball.

END

if you need a good laugh," says nursery operator Brad Jones. But thanks to SuperStation WTBS and its 120 Braves telecasts per year, America's Team has claimed the hearts and minds of Storm Lake.

"They fill a void, because we're so far away from anything, there's nothing to relate to," says Steve Getty, 24, news director for KAYL Radio in Storm Lake, which is part of the Cardinals radio network. Getty, who has felt the lure of larger markets, rarely misses an Atlanta game. Are the Braves keeping him in Storm Lake? "Possibly," he says. "If I ever look for a job, two questions will flash through my mind. Do they have cable TV? And do they pick up TBS?"

A national following for the Braves was exactly what Turner foresaw when he started sending out his distant signals in 1976. Back then, the number of prospective viewers might barely have filled Atlanta-Fulton County Stadium. Today, every fourth TV home in the nation gets the Braves. As Turner said in a 1981 biography, *Lead, Follow or Get Out of the Way*, referring to the flocks of baseball, "They thought I was a dumb rich sucker,

who stepped up with \$10 million to buy a losing franchise with only one-tenth the people to draw on as the big cities. But I'm giving Atlanta to the nation—to the world. . . . When they like Braves, start to win, and get into some playoffs, they're going to take America by storm."

No wonder, then, that baseball and the networks are battering down the hatches. Commissioner Bowie Kuhn considers WTBS a creeping disease that invades other teams' markets, stealing away both ticket-buying fans and viewers. "That's a hill of beans," says Turner. "I've never seen one iota of proof." Still, ex-Phillies fans are chartering those buses. And Kuhn told the Congressional Subcommittee on Telecommunications last April, "The fact that we cannot yet produce a corpse, Mr. Chairman, to prove that we are being hurt is beside the point. Do they [Turner, WTBS et al.] want an autopsy and a few bankrupt clubs. . . ?"

ABC-TV, which will carry the baseball playoffs this fall, also is anxious. The network may be rooting against the Braves for the simple reason that competing teams can televise

the playoffs on their local stations with their own announcers. Since WTBS is at once both local and national, woe to ABC's ratings should the Braves keep winning. "ABC has pulled a lot of dirty tricks on us," says Turner with a laugh. "Maybe we can get back at 'em a little."

Meanwhile, it's all one harmonious tepee in the hinterland. In Farmington, Mo. last week, Mrs. Betty Lollar, mother of San Diego Pitcher Tim Lollar, noticed in her TV listings that the first game of a Braves-Padres doubleheader was going to be aired by tape delay at 4:30 a.m. on the local cable station. "I would have stayed up if necessary," she says, but such an expression of motherly love wasn't necessary. By surprise, the cable carried the game live, and son Tim began pitching at 4:30 p.m. Farmington time. Up in Storm Lake, Steve Getty watched the twin bill with a crowd of Braves rooters at Puff's White Cap Inn. He looked deep into the past and shook his head. "Five years ago," he said, "you'd mention the name Biff Pocoreba to anyone around here and they'd go, 'Who?'"

—WILLIAM TAAFFE

Will You Come Home, Bill Walton?

The Old Red Head played Vegas and showed he may make it back to the NBA by ALEXANDER WOLFF

Bill Walton played basketball before a paid crowd last Saturday night for the first time in almost two years. It was in a charity game in Las Vegas, and there was considerable cynicism, echoing the comment of Seattle SuperSonics Guard Fred Brown, who asked after one such attempt a couple of years ago: "How many times has Bill Walton come back? He's just like Frank Sinatra. Makes as much, too." But a lot of people were unabashedly rooting for Walton.

Just 10 days after Old Blue Eyes had closed out a week-long gig at Caesars Palace, Player-Coach Walton brought his suspect left foot to the hotel's Sports Pavilion. The 2,400 spectators who saw him lead a UCLA alumni team against a similar bunch from the University of Nevada-Las Vegas knew that the 6' 11" center for the San Diego Clippers, with whom he signed a six-year, \$4 million contract three years ago, couldn't possibly have been in top form. But he did have 24 points, 21 rebounds, three assists, five blocks, two steals, three dunks, countless intimidations and exhortations and no discernible limp in 36 intense minutes as UNLV won 142-135. With :48 left in the third quarter, Walton even slammed home the business end of a lob pass for old time's sake. And he did all this only 19 months after his doctors, Ernie Vandeweghe and Tony Daly, all but said he'd never play again.

Could Old Red Head really be back? "Only time will tell," he said before the game. "To my own discredit I've tried to do too much too soon in the past. This is

going to take patience and hard work. I'm elated that I can play at all. Obviously an NBA season would be a culmination of that work, but I'm not in a position to say it's going to happen."

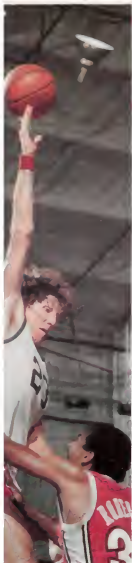
Nor are his doctors—though they should get the credit if it happens. Walton was born with a left heel bone that prevents his foot from turning in or out, which placed extraordinary pressure on the ball of his foot. In 1978, while playing for the defending NBA champion Trail Blazers, he developed a tumor in his right foot that forced him to overwork his left. When the ball of his left foot wearied of the stress, it would pass the shock along the top of the foot to the navicular bone, which is about the size of a marshmallow. Four times his navicular has broken. "It's as if a geologist repeatedly tapped a rock with a hammer," Dr. Vandeweghe says. "Eventually it'll crack."

It was all the two doctors could do to correct the arch problem so that Walton could lead his everyday life without pain. In January 1981 Dr. Daly and podiatrist Dr. F.W. Wagner reshaped the foot's bone structure. Just before enrolling in Stanford Law School, Walton had another operation. It left him with a foot that at least looked normal. "There wasn't a tremendous amount of therapy to do after that because most of the August surgery just involved cutting away bone," Walton says. "It was a matter of rest, walking and letting new bone surface smooth out and soft tissue heal up. I did all the sports I've always enjoyed—cycling, running, soccer, Frisbee, tennis. And I played in a number of pickup games over the winter at school."

In June he ventured up from his home in San Diego to Loyola Marymount's new gym in Los Angeles once a week to play full-court with the likes of 6' 11" ex-UNLV center Lewis Brown, 7' 3½" former Bruin Mark Eaton and Dr. Vandeweghe's 6' 8" son, Kiki, the Denver Nugget.

"There's still some conditioning pain and I have to get the kinks out," he says. "Most difficult are quick-reaction plays—rebounding and defense—and plays that involve timing. But at this point I'm able to forget about the foot, which makes playing so much fun."





PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD JACKSON

For the fifth UNLV Community Roundball Classic, the Rebels brought back Reggie Theus, Jackie Robinson, Glen Gondrezick, Flintlie Ray Williams and Sam and Robert Smith, among others. The Bruins fielded Walton, Roy Hamilton, Henry Bobby, David Greenwood, Mike Sanders, Vandeweghe, ffs, Eaton, and beach volleyball maven and longtime Walton buddy Greg Lee.

Most of the alumni took part in the requisite pregame razzing about affiliations, old-school and otherwise. Walton told how he decided on the Bruins' lineup: "I'll start the five who played on the most national championship teams."

Rebel Alumni Captain Theus struck back when someone asked Walton if his appearance would only be token. Theus answered for him. "Well, most of the players are black..."

A laughing Walton clarified matters: "My appearance will be token in the sense that Reggie spoke of, but not in terms of my time on the court."

Walton twice brought down the house, once on the aforementioned dunk and earlier when he cleanly spiked a Robinson fast-break layup attempt. "Jackie would've torn the rim down," Theus said after the game. "It takes incredible timing to block a shot like that."

When Walton made his reputation at UCLA, his forte was his mobility, quickness and enthusiasm. "He looked like he was moving well," Theus said. "His shot looked good and, as far as the mechanics are concerned, he's ready to play, but I think he got a little winded."

Indeed, Walton got only six points in the second half, and, with the score at 135-135 with a minute to play, he looked particularly tired as UNLV pulled away to win. That was probably from chasing the forwards he was matched against. Most of the night, either 6'8" Eddie McLeod or the 6'6" Gondrezick played center for UNLV, and when they took him outside and tried to blow past him, he appeared a half-step slow.

"You'd look slow too if you were 6'11" and had to guard those guys," Kiki

Vandeweghe said. "Bill's the only center in the league who could've played against guys who are really forwards."

For much of the week, though, it looked as if Walton might be a no-show. He first was asked to sign a release form waiving San Diego's obligation to pay him for any games he might miss because of an injury suffered at Las Vegas. The 29-year-old Walton, who once lived his life with the same recklessness with which he plays basketball, didn't want to jeopardize the three years' salary San Diego still owes him.

But by dinnertime Thursday a compromise had been reached. "I'd always planned on being here," Walton insisted.

"I don't think he's necessarily more cautious now," Lee says. "But he's aware of all the legal ramifications of what he does." And since March 11, 1980, his last NBA regular-season game, Walton has led the league in litigation.

There's the \$5.6 million suit Walton filed against Portland team physician Robert Cook, which was settled out of court in June; and the millions former San Diego owner Irv Levin wants from Walton, Daly and Vandeweghe because, Levin claims, they should have known and told him about the congenital problem in Walton's left foot before he, Levin, signed Walton. That suit is still pending. And then there's the \$12.5 million suit the Clippers filed against Lloyd's of London and the Home Insurance Co. when the firms balked at paying the Clipper claim regarding Walton, which was settled with the Clippers getting the \$1.25 million value of the policy but not the \$11.25 million in punitive damages.

There's no timetable for the comeback, but the team expects he'll be at training camp in two months. "It's not a question of motivation," he says. "Just common sense. One game isn't going to determine whether I'll make it. But if I didn't give up hope 2½ years ago, I'm in no position to give up hope now, when I'm infinitely better off."

Want an omen? Try Sunday, 3 a.m., a blackjack table in the casino at Caesars. Walton departs with heavier pockets and a lighter step. "I'm gonna buy my wife a new pair of shoes," says the man with the new left foot.

His uniform doesn't say Theus, but Walton knows it's Reggie's shot that he's rejecting.



Chenoweth won 25 hydro races.

The 18th annual Columbia Cup for unlimited hydroplanes was in its second day of competition last Saturday when four-time national champion Dean Chenoweth and his *Miss Budweiser* roared down the Columbia River course near Pasco, Wash., in a qualifying run. Traveling at 175 mph, *Miss Bud's* bow

began to lift off the water, higher and higher, until "the boat seemed for a few seconds to be sitting on its tail," according to Coast Guard Lt. Commander Dennis Godfrey. "Then the boat seemed to lean over, and we knew it was bad."

The 6,300-pound *Miss Budweiser* slammed upside down in the water,

Going Over The Edge

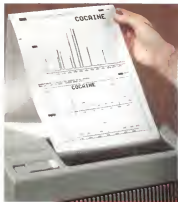


crushing Chenoweth and throwing up a wall of spray. The 44-year-old driver was pronounced dead half an hour later.

The accident was a classic "blow over." Last October the same thing had happened to Bill Muncey, the most successful driver in unlimited history. "After Bill died, everyone said it would be tough for the sport to survive," said Pay 'N Pack driver John Walters. "Now Dean's gone and it's going to make things that much tougher. It's obvious that boats are being run on the ragged edge." **END**

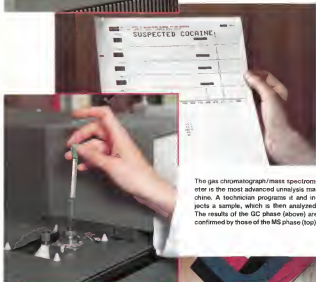
PHOTOGRAPHS BY KENNETH M. PADILLA





A Test With Nothing But Tough Questions

Should the NFL's players be checked for drugs by urinalysis? By and large, management says yes, the players no **by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY**



The gas chromatograph/mass spectrometer is the most advanced analysis machine. A technician programs it and injects a sample, which is then analyzed. The results of the GC phase (above) are confirmed by those of the MS phase (top).

Now that it has become evident that drug abuse is a pervasive problem in the National Football League, battle lines have been drawn on the explosive issue of how best to deal with it—and specifically on whether players should be tested. The debate involves heated disagreement over the question of privacy, the subject of testing techniques and, indeed, matters of honor. At present the opposing sides are far apart. San Diego Coach Don Coryell says, "Anybody who won't take a drug test just doesn't want to play football." Gene Upshaw, the Raiders' veteran lineman and president of the NFL Players Association, asserts, "To suggest urinalysis [the standard method of detecting drugs] for players is an insult to our integrity. We will not participate."

By and large, NFL management favors testing. Most players oppose it. Undoubtedly, how the league ultimately resolves the question will affect how other professional sports in the U.S. deal with it. At the moment, only the NFL seems to be giving the issue serious consideration.

"Athletes will put anything into their bodies they think might help them," says Dr. S. Joseph Mule, one of the nation's leading authorities on drug testing and laboratory director of New York State's Division of Substance Abuse Services. "Coke sets up lots of high-level aggression and makes a football player ready to go out and kill. Amphetamines do an even better job of instilling levels of rage and aggression. There is no question about the need for urinalysis in football if they want a clean game." Jack Mantoni, an Atlanta lawyer who represents a number of pro athletes, concurs. "This drug situation is going to destroy pro sports if something isn't done," he says. "Who's going to want to take their kids to see



a bunch of drug abusers?"

As more and more NFL players publicly acknowledge that they have drug problems, the demand for testing grows. And there is ample precedent for it. Authorities in many other sports, including track and field, swimming and boxing, have for years used urinalysis to detect drugs, and rarely has an athlete refused to comply. "In my sport it's guilty until proven innocent," says high jumper Dwight Stones. "I say test every competitor in every event at every meet or the hell with it." Adds Dr. David Cowan, deputy director of drug testing for the International Olympic Committee, "Ninety-nine percent of our athletes see it as a sensible move that can only help improve athletics and the fairness of their sport."

To be sure, some NFL players agree with Raider Running Back Greg Pruitt, who says, "If you've got nothing to hide, why worry about urinalysis," and with Denver Linebacker Tom Jackson, who says, "Let's do the test, run all the results in the paper, and then everybody can judge for himself." Still, the majority side with Upshaw and NFLPA Executive Director Ed Garvey, who maintains that "forcing the players to take a drug test is illegal."

But is it? According to Alan F. Westin, a professor of government at Columbia specializing in employee rights and constitutional law, "The courts would have to weigh the owners' claim that drug testing is necessary to protect the integrity of the game and the public's perception of the game versus the players' claim that the testing forces them to engage in a shameful and improper disclosure of their personal condition." The NFLPA has cited inalienable "rights of privacy" in resisting management's position. Such rights aren't clearly spelled out in the Constitution or in federal statutes, and according to Elmer Oettinger, chairman of the American Bar Association's privacy committee, the privacy question "is in



Mull's lab runs 1,700 urinalyses a day on EMIT machines.

sort of a mess, or at least uncertain." On the state level, at which any postarbitrator complaint would probably be heard, the laws aren't any more helpful than federal statutes.

Alan Dershowitz, professor of law at Harvard and author of *The Best Defense*, says, "Some states simply don't respect the right of privacy, and some states are backing away from it." The states that don't back away will have many and varied precedents to consider. Successful defenses of an employer's decision to test for drugs have often been based upon the "greater good" doctrine. That is, in some cases the public at large benefits from the possible infringement of an individual's rights. A bus company, say, can routinely check its drivers, and a cop, say, can give a motorist suspected of being intoxicated a Breathalyzer test because the public safety is of paramount importance.

"Greater good—that's an exceptional legal doctrine," says Dershowitz. "You'd be really hard pressed to fit that rationale to the NFL... Driving is a helluva lot

more dangerous than punting."

However, Westin points out that the owners could claim that without drug testing "the public's trust and confidence in the sport could be jeopardized, which would hurt the integrity and thereby the profitability of the game." He also notes that, as media coverage of the issue increases, the owners have an ever stronger argument that nothing short of stern measures are needed to ensure confidence in the sport.

Garvey, for one, doesn't think these points will ever be argued in court. Nor does he believe that, if all other contractual disputes between the owners and the players are resolved, the drug testing issue will lead to a strike. "It will never get to that posture," he says. "Management doesn't feel that strongly about it." Nonetheless, Vince Lombardi Jr., assistant executive director of the NFL Management Council, states, "We will not sign any agree-

ment that gives up our right to drug test."

Invasion of privacy is only one of several objections the players have to drug testing. The one most frequently heard is that it is degrading, embarrassing and dehumanizing. "They're bringing football players and racehorses really close together," says St. Louis Tackle Dan Dierdorf. "Next, they'll want to put us on a block, look at our teeth and brand our arms." However, not only do athletes in a number of other sports submit to urinalysis, but almost the entire populace does so as well, as part of routine physical exams. Perhaps the players would feel more at ease if, as Tampa Bay Quarterback Doug Williams suggests, the coaches, general managers and owners joined the players in taking tests.

Some players question whether urinalysis results are always accurate. "They make mistakes in the lab all the time," says Upshaw. As with any scientific procedure, the possibility of human error exists, but urinalysis has become extremely sophisticated in recent years. The most

continued

advanced testing system utilizes a machine called a gas chromatograph/mass spectrometer, and it's virtually infallible. A GC/MS costs up to \$250,000 and can be programmed to identify almost any substance in urine. Here's how it works. After the urine sample is prepared for analysis, a lab worker injects it into the machine. The sample is vaporized and driven by an inert gas through a flexible column coated with chemicals that separate different components of the specimen. How long a substance in the sample takes to travel through the column is the key to identifying it. For example, cocaine has a certain retention time, amphetamines another. Then, in what amounts to a confirming identification, the urine sample enters the mass spectrometer, where it's fragmented and, in

own labs or contract the work to just one to ensure consistency. Samples probably should be taken within two hours after a game. Though traces of cocaine and amphetamines remain in the system for up to 48 hours, these drugs can be detected more easily with an earlier sample.

But what about the possibility of hanky-panky? "All a guy would have to do is hand the bottle to a friend and ask him to fill it for him," says Buffalo Linebacker Jim Haslett. There's an easy solution to that: Simply have a team or league official watch players as they give their samples and then collect the vials, which is the procedure in the Olympics.

Some players say their biggest objection isn't with the test itself, but with the way the results might be used. Cincinnati Linebacker Reggie Williams says, "What do you do if you find a player who has a problem? At what point do you make it public? At what point do you endanger his career? At what point do you say this has harmed his playing abilities? These are questions that concern a lot of players, and they remain unanswered." Players are apprehensive about hard-line attitudes of coaches like Dick Vermeil of Philadelphia and Bum Phillips of New Orleans who have said they won't tolerate any players on their teams who have a drug problem.

Management in most other major professional sports in the U.S. hasn't taken a firm stand on the issue. In baseball, Ray Grebey, director of the owners' Player Relations Committee, says the matter is left up to the teams. They tend to deal with it by means of signs put up in clubhouses. The NHL is even more apathetic. "Why should we think there's a problem?" says league president John Ziegler. "Nobody has a responsibility to someone who chooses to break the law." As for tennis, two weeks ago, in an article he wrote for *The Washington Post*, Arthur Ashe advocated random testing of players at tournaments. But in light of the fact that the game has



Williams: What should be done with the results?

no overall governing body and has trouble even coping with players who raise their voices at linemen, it's unrealistic to assume that tennis will institute procedures to deal with a potential problem of this scope anytime soon. Golf has yet to give the subject a thought.

The most enlightened of the U.S. pro sports in this respect is basketball. The NBA retained Control Data Corp.'s Life Extension Institute last year to help players solve a variety of personal problems, including drug-related ones. The institute has a toll-free 800 number that's answered 24 hours a day. Last season, 42 of the league's 275 players called. All calls are confidential.

However, Russell T. Granik, general counsel to the NBA, says, "We have to take stricter measures regarding players who don't come forward voluntarily. Knick Guard Mike Newlin agrees. "Players are spending the owners' money to

continued



Coryell: Players should take the test or a walk.

turn, makes its own "fingerprint," which positively identifies the sample. The results emerge from the GC/MS on a computer printout.

In addition to the GC/MS, which was used at both the 1980 Summer and Winter Olympics, there are several less expensive urinalysis machines that are perfectly adequate for detecting drugs. To guard against error, Mulé, whose lab does approximately 1,700 urinalyses a day with EMIT machines, which are more common than GC/MSs, suggests that samples taken from players be divided in two vials so that the second can be used for confirmation in another test if the first sample turns up positive. In Olympic competition a second test is always run if the first is positive. If the NFL adopts testing, Mulé says, it should establish its



Upshaw: The players won't participate in testing.

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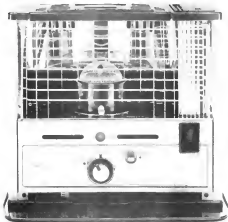
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hay drugs so that the players can perform at less than their capabilities for the owners," he says. "It doesn't make sense. The players should get off their self-righteous high horse, take the drug test and play the game." But Larry Fleisher, general counsel for the players' association, says of urinalysis, "I'm embarrassed the NBA would even bring it up. The purpose is to help people, not to hurt or punish. There's no way the players' association would agree to urinalysis."

Without exception, the sports that do have a testing procedure take it very seriously. At the 1976 Winter Olympics a Czechoslovakian team doctor was barred from the Games for life because he gave stimulants to a hockey player. In major international swimming and track meets and at the Olympics, the top finishers, usually the first four, as well as other entrants selected at random, are tested after every event. Drug testing began at the Olympics in 1968, and since then 22 athletes at the Games have been caught taking substances ranging from alcohol to amphetamines to steroids. Dozens of substances are on the IOC's forbidden list. In addition, a drug doesn't even have to be listed to be considered verboten. According to the chairman of the U.S. Olympic Committee Sports Medicine Council, Dr. Irving Dardik, other substances can be banned on the spot and cause the disqualification of a competitor. "The IOC has a small medical committee—and it can work quickly," he says.

The best known recent case in track and field of an athlete's testing positive for drugs involves U.S. discus thrower Ben Plucknett. His world record of 237' 4", set in July 1981 in Stockholm, was disallowed and he was barred from international competition for life (a prohibition that has been commuted) because steroids showed up in one of his urine samples taken 5½ months earlier at a meet in New Zealand.

Cycling tests top finishers at most national and international meets, and soccer checks at the World Cup. No players tested positive at this year's World Cup, but in 1978 the sport banned Scotland's Willy Johnston for life when traces of fencloramine, an amphetamine, were discovered. The North American Soccer League does no testing.

In boxing, urinalysis has been standard procedure for at least 25 years. Initially, physicians looked primarily for



Urinalysis uncovered morphine in Lee's system after his brief encounter with Hagler.

blood and albumin proteins in the urine, either of which would signal kidney damage. Beginning in 1976, urinalysis was used to search for drugs as well. Today the World Boxing Council requires urinalysis after all world title fights. But the rival World Boxing Association doesn't administer drug tests at all.

The New York State Athletic Commission mandates that fighters be tested for drugs when they're licensed and as an annual physical. In addition, any boxer on a card in the state is subject to random testing before a fight, and the commission exercises that right regularly. However, the New York commission is the only one in the country with a full-time medical department. It's probably the most conscientious in monitoring the fitness of boxers. Nevada, for instance, doesn't check fighters for drugs except after championship bouts.

Dr. Edwin Campbell, director of the New York commission's medical department, says he has never detected drugs in the urinalysis of a boxer, because "an athlete who realizes he will be checked thoroughly is going to stay in line." But others have been caught elsewhere, most notably Muhammad Ali after he lost a WBC heavyweight title bout to Larry Holmes in Las Vegas in 1980. Urinalysis detected an opiate and a tranquilizing agent, phenothiazine, in Ali's system. Ali's doctor, Charles Lee Williams Sr., said the drugs were present because of a sedative and pain-killer he had pre-

scribed immediately after the fight. Ali also revealed that before the bout he had taken large doses of Thyrolar, a synthetic hormone, to control a hypothyroid condition, without notifying the Nevada commission. Ali turned in his license amid threats that the state would revoke it, and the matter was closed.

More recently, after William (Cave-man) Lee was knocked out in the first round of his WBC middleweight title fight with Marvelous Marvin Hagler last March, a urinalysis uncovered morphine and quinine in his system. "For the life of me, I don't see what a boxer can get from morphine except going to sleep," says Campbell. He says the drug prevents a fighter from reacting with the speed he needs, which might help explain the brevity of Lee's appearance. As for the quinine, Campbell says that Lee could have taken it to prevent muscle cramps and aches brought on by fatigue during the fight. The quinine also could have been in Lee's system because it's often used to cut morphine that's sold illegally. Lee is scheduled to appear before the New Jersey commission on Aug. 24.

So what should be done, then, in pro sports, in which the livelihood of athletes could well hang on the outcome of urinalysis? The vital question—and the toughest to answer—isn't so much whether to test but who should do what about athletes who abuse drugs. That's the question the various leagues and players' associations should address. **END**

Denver Guard Tom Glassic likes to play with toy soldiers that remind him of wars he fought in earlier lives **by BOB OTTUM**

The trick is to lie on your stomach, chin on the floor, and study the toy soldiers from really up close. From this vantage, Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia—the hated Prussians, Tom says—looks terrifyingly authentic. The prince is wearing a black uniform and a black hat with a white plume. He's astride a white horse, and he carries what appears to be a swagger stick. Considering all the terrible things that are about to befall old Ferdinand, he ought to have more in the way of weapons.

"CHARGE!" yells Tom. His command rolls low across the battlefield like a hot wind, heavy with the malty scent of Labatt's Beer.

Aw, wait a minute, Tom. Hold off on the attack a second. How come you always get to be Napoleon? Or you get to be Marshal Lannes, one of Napoleon's favorites?

Tom Glassic, the 6' 3", 260-pound left guard of the Denver Broncos, smiles. "I get to be who I want because it's *my game*," he says. "And I've never lost one of these battles." Glassic is wearing a yellow billed cap with NAPOLEON lettered across the front. His hair hangs along both sides of his

continued



He Blocked For Napoleon





Tom strikes a classic pose of Napoleon with Bronco teammates (from left): Don Laffner, Greg Boyd, Louis Wright, Ken Lanier and Rubin Carter.

face, and his beard bristles with combativeness. His eyes are narrowed to slits behind tinted glasses. He reaches out with a giant hand and repositions a field cannon, sighting along the gun's barrel directly at Prince Louis Ferdinand, the hated Prussian.

Oh, oh. Watch your fanny, Ferdy.

"Now, if all of this was real," Tom mutters, "this neighborhood, all of Denver—the whole world!—would be part of the French Empire."

Probably true. But, heck, it's already real enough without going quite that far. Consider this scene: There are hundreds and hundreds of tiny soldiers spread around the floor, all scaled to 25 millime-

ters, roughly one inch, all correctly uniformed and painted in high-gloss colors, mostly vivid reds and blues. They come singly and in groups, some on horseback, some on foot—all bent slightly forward, as if to attack. Even their skin tones are accurate: Minuscule eyebrows seem drawn together in scowls, and tiny mouths are curled in scorn. There are regiments of infantry, some kneeling to fire, others advancing boldly. Squadrons of cavalry charge, sabers raised. Batteries of horse artillery trundle along. There are fierce Hussars, fur jackets hanging rakishly off one shoulder; swaggering bounders every one. There's a new Polish regiment from the Grand Duchy of War-

saw. And here and there are little villages to sack and farms to pillage; a castle or two and stone walls and forests.

All of these batty people fill the main room of a small guesthouse on Glassic's property. These miniature armies attack and circle, retreat and skirmish across a vast lumpy swatch of wrinkled green burlap.



sent dirt roads. Blue strips are rivers. Empty cardboard boxes have been stuffed under the cloth to create bluffs and mountains. And if one of these little buggers were to stand atop one of those ridges and look toward the horizon, he'd see carnage that would make his plastic blood run cold. Ah, the horror of it all! Out there is pure desolation, guys—an entire outer perimeter of empty beer bottles, many half-stuffed with sodden brown cigarette butts punched in in the heat of long battles. War is hell.

And now Thomas Joseph Glassic, age 28, stands towering over it all, with his big feet planted carefully in among the regiments, and waves by its red ribbon a

replica of the French Legion of Honor medal. "As Napoleon said, 'Give me enough red ribbon and I'll rule the world!'" he roars. "For these..." he dangles the medal over his armies, "...are the baubles that men die for!"

Gee, that's terrific, Tom. Heck of a nice ring to it. Medals all around, men, and let's open another Labatt's. This is a great game.

At times like this, it's hard to believe that there's a larger world outside this room. But there is, of course. First, there's Duchess, Glassic's half-golden Lab, half-bloodhound, who lies blocking the doorway—one wag of her tail could wipe out Marshal Lannes and all his cuirassiers. Out beyond Duchess lies Littleton, Colo., a suburb of Denver. And also somewhere out there are the East Slope of the Rockies and the Broncos, a football team that pays Glassic a princely \$155,000 a year to labor in the trenches.

Indeed, Glassic is a mainstay of the team. He came on as a first-round draft choice from the University of Virginia in 1976 and he's played ever since. He's always in there; it's some sort of arcane claim to fame that Glassic has started every game in which he has played for Denver—a career total of 84 going into

this season. Glassic is thickset; almost all his weight is bulked up around his torso on top of disproportionately short, slightly bowed legs. It gives him an unshakable look. And what his body doesn't convey, his face does: Glassic is one of maybe 10 people in the world who can look absolutely savage while petting their dog.

The nicest thing about that bite-your-head-off demeanor is that it masks one of the fiercest intellects in the game. Says Jerry Frei, the Bronco offensive line coach, "Tom understands football on a slightly different plane than many players. He has a special ability to see our plays as moves in an overall strategy, not just a hup-and-run. And he has surprisingly good speed and agility. Tom's good on pass plays, but I'd say his very best moves come on our running game. When the play flows in one direction or the other, he has an instinct for it. It makes Tom a mean, mean opponent."

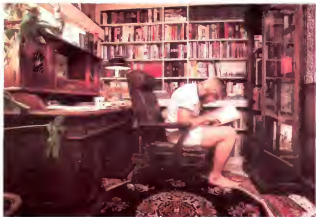
On the field, and off it as well, Glassic not only plays with toy soldiers, but he's also got other guys doing it. On his battlefield big, brutish men career around on long evenings, beers in hand, yelling, "I smell French blood!" Or such stirring utterances as, "Yield, sir! Surrender, Archduke, or it's your ass!"

"We've got authentic military banners that we wave occasionally to stir up our troops," Glassic says, "and I've got tapes I play that blow everybody away. I can

continued

In setting up a battlefield for miniature soldiers, miles become inches for these four generalists (from left): Keyworth, Tamalonis, Byrne and, yes, a bespectacled Bonaparte.





Glasco has a sense of déjà vu about what he reads in his military history books.

TOM GLASCO continued

play *La Marseillaise* and follow that up with the *1812 Overture*—blam!—and bugle calls or Cossack music and British marches. Sometimes, oh, maybe about three in the morning or so, we'll call a truce and retire to the living room and pop a war movie on the television. Glasco has video cassettes of what seems to be every war movie ever made—everything from *Zulu* to that classic turkey *The 300 Spartans*, as well as bright new stuff, like *Gallipoli*.

Claudio Minor, the Broncos' 6' 4", 275-pound right tackle, is a toy soldier recruit and now plays as mean a war game as anybody. Glasco's most promising general is Jon Keyworth, onetime Denver fullback, and currently appearing as the Duke of Wellington in Paul Tamulonis, once a tackle on the same Virginia team as Glasco, Steve Byrne, a local high school football coach, is Field Marshal Massena. "But the guy who really gets swept up in all of this is Doug Payton," Glasco says. Payton, who lives in Colorado Springs and is a guard for Montreal's new CFL team, the Concordes, always plays a Russian general. "Whenever I set up a battlefield, I put in a convent," Glasco continues. "And Payton always sends a band of his Cossacks to attack it. Even if the convent's in a non-strategic spot, there come his feared Cossacks, burning the place and ravaging all the occupants. I call him General Peter Rapunovich."

Glasco prowled his battlefield the other day, inspecting his troops. "My poor veterans are getting shabby-looking," he said. "But I don't replace them with shinier soldiers; I mean, they've fought a lot of battles for me and they've won the right to stay on active duty. I've made little battle flags for them—see here?"—and if they've earned one, I'll stage a little presentation ceremony. I mean, I line them up on parade, and I have an officer make the presentation and everything." He peered at one old vet, and sighed. "They're good fighters." Then he put it down and looked around for a missing officer of his Polish Vistula Legion.

"What the hell is this?" he said. "Where'd that guy go?" He scanned the room. "Have we had some desertions?" Then he swung around and looked through the open door, beyond his sleeping dog, where the summer sun angled down on the lawn outside. There was a sudden, piercing sense that Glasco half expected to see a tiny uniformed figure scrambling over the doorkill, perhaps hanging by its fingertips before dropping into the safety of the grass below. Then "No, no. There he is." He picked up the soldier and put him sternly into place.

Glasco has been tinkering with the game, which is based on historical events, for 10 years. It isn't necessary to replay specific battles, armies and eras can be blurred a bit.

Before each battle he sets the situation. "I'm invading, you're defending, or vice versa. Here're the key roads and

PHOTOGRAPH BY LANE STEWART

bridges and towns. My advance force is going to go for this bridge to capture it for the main army coming up; your job is to get to it first and hold it until your army arrives. See this river? Well, let's say that's swollen with spring runoff so you can't take heavy guns across it; gotta stick to the main road. See the forest? No cavalry in the woods, the branches knock them off their horses."

Glasco then drapes a sheet across the middle of the room, as in the old Clark Gable-Claudette Colbert movie *It Happened One Night*, so one side can't see how the other side is getting set up. There's a lot of muffled chortling from each side of the sheet. "I got you this time, Napoleon. You'll never believe this trick attack, you dummy." Or, "Listen, my guys are parched and I'm going to issue beer rations. What do the rules say about drunken Hessians?" And then: Away goes the curtain, and the war is on.

Under Glasco's rules, infantry, cavalry and cannon can move a prescribed number of inches per turn. When they get within attacking range, a series of firing or hand-to-hand combat tables tell what damage is done, depending on the roll of a die. What cheers Glasco most is that his game really works. Most of the time, "Once my very best artillery missed 10 shots in a row at close range," he says, looking reproachfully at one of the little cannons. "The firing table called for me to roll five or six and I kept on rolling ones." He leans closer and murmurs confidentially, "So I cited sabotage at the munitions factory because these guys were my best gunners and I didn't want to dishonor them."

"You got to understand that these are toy soldiers," Glasco says. "No use trying to give them—or me—adult stature by calling them miniatures or scale-model replicas. They're simple toy soldiers, and people have been collecting them for centuries. The Egyptians were buried with miniature armies to protect them in the next world. Napoleon had some soldiers made for his son, the King of Rome, in 1812. And in 1942, before the Battle of Midway, the Japanese actually fought it out with toys as a war game to test the theory." He shrugs. "They lost four carriers in the war game and they went out and lost four carriers at Midway."

The roster of toy-soldier nuts is quite lengthy. Robert Louis Stevenson was one and so was H.G. Wells. Indeed, Wells

continued

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wrote an instruction book called *Little Wars*, with this foreword: "A game for boys from 12 years of age to 150 and for that more intelligent sort of girl who likes boys' games and books."

Glassic knows his military history so well it almost seems as if he had fought on all those smoky battlefields. In point of fact, Glassic says, "The only explanation for my grasp of certain history and, in some cases, a pre-knowledge of what I'm about to read, is that *I was there*."

Hoo-boy. First the toy soldiers and now this. But before one starts edging toward the doorway—um, excuse me there, Duchess old girl—one must remember two important things.

display cases, others stacked on tables. There are also swords, a rhinoceros-hide shield, a military hat and belt hanging on a coatrack, prints and one painting of various Napoleonic wars and a library of some 400 volumes on military history and related subjects. Add in a broken-down Naugahyde couch, and the place has a wonderfully musty air. A fine layer of dust covers everything. Not a doily or bud vase is in sight. Only a loner could live in such shabby splendor.

"Confirmed, lifetime bachelor," Glassic says. "Just me and my dog, a refrigerator full of beer and cold cuts. Freezer full of TV dinners. Did you know they're making TV dinners a lot better now than

when he expressed an interest in toy soldiers (more like cowboys and Indians in those days). Soon the things were all over the place. "And then I began reading," Glassic says. He pulls a battered old book from the shelf. "I accidentally found this copy of *Model Soldiers, An Illustrated History* (John G. Garratt, New York Graphic Society). And, I'll be damned: I found out that playing with toy soldiers was legitimate. A real, honest hobby. Respectable grownups did it. The toys led me into history. I couldn't possibly understand or grasp what Napoleon did unless I knew what Caesar did. That's because Napoleon had studied Caesar. And Caesar had studied Alexander Who,



Water is Glassic's ally as he fights a battle to beat the heat in his backyard on a recent sultry summer afternoon in Littleton, Colo.

One: It is, of course, Tom Glassic's absolute right to believe whatever he wants, and anybody who doesn't like it can lump it. Glassic neither seeks approval, nor gives a hoot if anyone disapproves.

Two: Glassic doesn't think he's Napoleon. Now or then.

What he does think is that he was one of Napoleon's top aides. "I have a feeling that I wasn't nobility," Glassic says. "It's more a case of being promoted from the ranks."

And now, stepping carefully, Godzilla striding across rivers and forests, a giant dog and a badly sacked nunnery, Glassic leads the way to his living room in the big house next door. There are more soldiers there, naturally, as well as toy farms and circuses and what all, some arrayed in

they used to? It'll help some guys decide to stay single."

Glassic capsulizes his life: his present life, that is. "My folks were divorced when I was eight and I was largely raised by my paternal grandparents in Elizabeth, N.J.," he says. "We're all Polish, longtime coal mining family; we once had a 'z' in the middle of our name. I have two sisters. And my dad, who now lives in Pennsylvania, is so proud of me that he's on Volume 3 of the Tom Glassic scrapbook. And I haven't done that much. He's wild. I swear, he'll drive into a gas station and say, 'Gimme five dollars' worth of the unleaded and my son plays for the Denver Broncos.'"

But it was Grandma Mary and Grandpa Joe who spoiled young Tom

in turn, had studied the Egyptians."

And gradually, through high school and the University of Virginia, where he was an honors student in English and history, it came to Glassic that—of course—he had seen and done a lot of this before.

No, not the football. Glassic is perfectly candid about the fact that he was recruited for his size, not his sparkling talents. "I was always the big kid in the class," he says. "You know. I got to pull down the map." Indeed, he didn't play football until his senior year in high school—and while he was at Virginia, the team went 4-7, 4-7, 4-7 and 1-10. He had no intention of playing pro football, but when Denver picked him in the first round he decided to give the Bron-

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cos a season, and he figures the reason he's still around is that he's gotten to be very good at playing guard. Glassic has come to regard his occupation as a sort of game within a game. "The whole football experience is a bit like a war," he says, "except that it's much more accelerated. But consider the lowly lineman: In order to make my life interesting, I have to resort to mind games with my opponent. It starts with my leaning the wrong way to fake him out on which way the play is going to go. But that's pretty elementary, and the real old pros aren't having any of that sophomore nonsense. So then you progress to subtle eye-fakes to throw them off. And after a while, that doesn't work, either. And, ah, then you resort to the game's real strategy—you give them the false lead, which they know to be false, and then you give them the false-false lead, which really screws them up. You do all of this properly and you start to feel like a pro."

If it weren't for his mind games, Glassic fears, his interest in football would flag. "It's my job to sacrifice myself," he says, "but not blindly. To wit: I've got to keep my man from getting to the quarterback. It's a task that involves holding him off for so many seconds—but it doesn't necessarily mean that I've got to knock him on his butt. We must spend our energy wisely. Now that's tough, but it's not the toughest part of the game for an offensive lineman. The baddest part is in learning to follow. If you'll forgive the parallel to war games, as a foot soldier, if I start making decisions, we're lost. I gotta learn to follow. Last thing in the world the general wants to hear is that one of his troops has just got a hell of an idea. And so I play on, quietly."

And protects his general at all costs. When NFLPA President Gene Upshaw of the Raiders recently sent a letter to Bronco Quarterback Craig Morton threatening retaliation on the field for Morton's anti-union stand, Glassic responded, "It's my job to protect Craig Morton and a ship in my face if anyone thinks I'd stand aside so he could take an

extra shot. If anybody lays an extra hand on Craig, I'll cut it off."

In spite of the fact that he takes an obstinate pride in being voted as the worst-dressed, worst-groomed guy on the Denver team, Glassic clearly doesn't want to be tagged as a kook. His teammates seem to regard him as a gentle eccentric, no more or no less screwy than any old pro. When Coach Dan Reeves considered faying on a rule that the players must appear in blazers, dress shirts and ties on

NFL who's permitted such liberties.

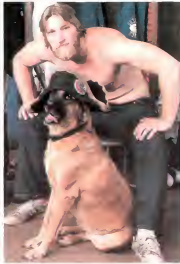
Candidly, and Glassic is nothing if not candid, he feels his football career doesn't count for much. "One lifetime is like the flip of a coin," he says. "It's all over so quickly. There's only so much you can do in that time. Yet, why do we have such a diversity of interests—a consuming passion, or an intimate understanding of one thing? It's because we must have done it before, that's why. I have a feeling that I go all the way back to

Napoleonic times—and yet I also feel that I'm just getting started. I think you have to develop slowly; it may take you thousands of years. You do it by living by an honorable code so that you can be worthy to go on."

Glassic feels that he's popped up at many times and in many places. "I think that I appeared again in British Colonial times," he says. "Perhaps I served with the British in India. And the French Foreign Legion somehow feels familiar—as if I helped conquer Morocco. And, finally, I have this intense feeling about the South Pacific in World War II—I think possibly I served and was killed in action there. Funny, I have a fascination for the sea, yet I'm afraid of it."

"I've settled on the Napoleonic era," he says, "because that's my favorite. It was a special age, never to be repeated, because everything was so equal in terms of arms and men. The results all came in the way they were used in battle. Warfare became, if you will, an art form; the era gave rise to the so-called Art of War. Well, that's where my interests lie and this is how I am, and you can accept me or not. I don't care."

Glassic plunks on his NAPOLEON cap. He grins, and there's a flash of the kid in him. "Thing about my life," he says, "is this. Out there, I'm a football player. A humble lineman. Uncelebrated. Un-All-Pro. One of the foot soldiers, all the action takes place behind me. Ah. But when I leave the field and come home..." he doffs the cap to Duchess. "...when I come home, I'm a general! CHARGE!"



Duchess is ready if her Caesar lets slip the dogs of war.

the road, it figured that Glassic immediately would launch a world's-ugliest-tie search to preserve his image. He drives an incredibly beat-up 1976 Chevy Monze Carlo, its once-sleek silver body now a mass of welts. The front window is badly cracked and the wiper blades flop uselessly—but, as he points out, it doesn't rain much in Denver. Besides, Duchess loves the car and Duchess goes where Tom goes—out jogging, alongside on team wind sprints, into the locker room, the weight room, the shower if she wants—probably the only dog in the

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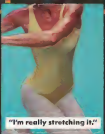
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A Dodo In Name Only

Nobody has won anywhere near as many U.S. national tennis titles as Dodo Cheney, one canny old bird on the court and at the poker table

by JILL LIEBER

After a thump against a curb, a near miss of a towering palm and a 360 in mud-block, the Pontiac Grand Prix came to a screeching halt in front of a Neighborhood food store in La Jolla. The little old lady from Santa Monica climbed down off her pillow and out from behind the steering wheel.

"Like my hood ornament?" she asked her pals as they piled out of the car. She pointed to a figure of a curvaceous woman holding a tennis racket. "Did it myself. Yanked it off one of my trophies. Then I just screwed it on the hood. Adds a little class, don't you think?"

The little old lady from Santa Monica began waving her arms, orchestrating her troops—left, right, full steam ahead. "Now everybody gets two minutes to go through the store and pick out munchies," she said. "We need sustenance for the poker game."

With that, everyone scattered, returning with potato chips, corn curls, cheese puffs, dips, soda, cheese and crackers. "Let's get two six-packs," she said, watching the mound at the cash register grow. "Oh, oh. It says you've got to show an ID to buy beer." She started rummaging through her purse.

"Will my driver's license do?"

"Ma'am, you look old enough to me."

said the teen-age cashier with a giggle. The register rung out the damage: \$27.45.

"Thank goodness," she said. "Jeepers, the only proof of age I have is gray hair and varicose veins."

Meet Dodo Cheney, mother of three, grandmother of seven, youngest daughter in the First Family of American tennis, neighborhood ruckus queen, abalone fisherman, card shark, creator of secret arthritis remedies and winner of more U.S. national tennis titles—114—than anyone who has ever played the game. Whoa. Run that past again. Dodo Cheney? More national championships than anyone? What about Bill Tilden? Nope. He only had 31. Billie Jean King? She's won 30. How about Chris Evert Lloyd? Just 18. Dodo's nearest pursuer is 68-year-old Gardner Mulloy, and he's won a mere 55.

So why haven't you heard of her? Well, Dodo never won a title at Wimbledon or Forest Hills—though both her parents did. And while Evert Lloyd et al were typically winning national championships by the time they were 18, Dodo didn't really get started until she was 40, with the U.S. 40-and-over Women's Hard Court singles in 1957. She would win that tournament—in the same age division—every year until she was 53.

continued

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Winston Lights	11	0.9	Winston Lights 100's	12	0.9
Marlboro	16	1.0	Benson & Hedges 100's	16	1.1
Salem	14	1.1	Parliament Lights 100's	12	0.9
Kool Mids	11	0.9	Salem 100's	15	1.1
Newport	16	1.2	Marlboro 100's	16	1.1
TAR & NICOTINE NUMBERS AS REPORTED IN LATEST FTC REPORT					
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Now that Dodo has turned 65, she finally has consented to play with people closer to her own age. For the record, her U.S. titles, which have come on all surfaces, break down this way: clay court singles, indoor doubles, hard court doubles, 35-and-over doubles (commonly referred to as 35 doubles, the same being true of other senior age categories), 45 doubles, mother-daughter—one each; 40 singles—17; 40 doubles—14; 50 singles—five; 50 doubles—eight; 55 singles—13; 55 doubles—nine; 60 singles—16; 60 doubles—10; 65 singles—five; 65 doubles—two; senior mixed doubles—nine. Dodo won her most recent national championships just last week, the 65 grass court singles and doubles in Wilmington, Del. All this makes her a one-woman dynasty, the likes of which the game had never before known.

On the court—and at the poker table—Dodo wraps herself in lace, pleated pastels, puffy caps, pearls, beads, bangles and charm bracelets. "The girls today don't look like girls when they're on the court. They look like men," says Dodo, who cooks up a new outfit for several of the dozen or so tournaments she plays each year. "The players look too tough. For me, there's never too much perfume or lace." But don't let her looks fool you. Dodo is a canny old bird. She relies primarily on a looping Western forehead and chases down just about everything. Then, when her opponent is convinced she has settled in on the baseline, Dodo sneaks up to the net and puts her away with dinks and drops.

Dodo was doing precisely that during a first-round match at the national 60-and-over hard court championships at the La Jolla Beach and Tennis Club in May. "Woo," she cried after a perfect return of an overhead smash. "did I really get that?" A few games later, her opponent drilled a forehand that landed just inside the sideline. "I got it," Dodo yelled as she raced for the shot, her charm bracelets madly jangling, her peach skirt billowing. Without breaking stride, she caught the ball smack in the center of her oversized racket and whacked it back. But what's this? She kept right on running, pretending that she couldn't stop, and zoomed toward the net, narrowly missing the stanchion. Plop. She wound up in the stands, finally run around by a big-bellied man in the front row. He put his arm around her. "We have to stop



During tournaments Dodo and her cories often keep anteing up until the wee hours.

meeting like this," said Dodo, laughing.

"Nothing ever amazes me about my mother," says Dodo's daughter, Christie Putnam. "When I was young, every year our family went to La Jolla for a tournament. You know what our schedule used to be? We'd get down there in the late afternoon, and Mom would go out and check to see whether it was high or low tide. If it was high tide, we'd go fishing and have a picnic. Then the kids would go to bed and the adults would play poker until way past midnight. Mom would have us all up about five the next morning, when it was low tide. We'd go out and fish for lobster and abalone. Then we'd play matches all day. You don't think I've always wished I'd had that kind of energy?"

Dodo is in a race against time. Too many more bridge parties and poker games. Too many more homegrown zucchinis and cucumbers to give away. Too many more dresses to design, charms to collect and grandchildren to keep track of. Too many more hours of planting, climbing, hoeing, building, pointing. Too many more titles to be won.

"A woman asked me the other day where she could find Dodo," says Carol Schneider, national women's senior circuits chairman, as she watched Dodo flit around on and off the court in La Jolla. "And I said, 'When does she play? Three o'clock?' Well, look for her at 2:59." Dodo just has so much going on. I've never seen her watch a tennis match.

After the second round in La Jolla,

Dodo and the gang, some locals and a group of fellow competitors, got together to play cards. "What have I gotten myself into?" said Arthur Mace Gwyer, 66, as he watched Dodo scoop up bunches of chips from the middle of the dining room table and stack them in front of her. "Listen, I haven't played poker since World War II. I've only got \$45 in cash, but I do have checks. And they are good. After that, I have credit cards."

"Relax, Mace," Dodo said, taking a sip of her milk on the rocks. She says she drinks milk because of an ulcer, but she also likes to keep her mind clear for the task at hand.

"All I did was ask you to go dancing," Gwyer said.

continued



The First Family: Dodo, daughter May (left), son Brian, his wife Anne and grandchildren.

"Relax, Mace," Dodo said. "We'll go over to The Marine Room later and check out the action."

Relax, Mace, it's only money. White chips cost a nickel. Red ones are worth a dime. Blue chips, a quarter.

"We're now playing screw your neighbor," the dealer said, shuffling a fresh deck.

"You have two cards?" Dodo asked.

"I'm chesting them," said Helen Perez, who ranked among the nation's first 10 women in the early 1950s and now is second in the 50-and-over division.

"Keep your cards on the table, girl," said Dodo.

"I like those big cards," said Vilma Gordon, who is ranked 13th in the U.S. in the 50s. "Then I don't have to wear my glasses."

"I'm gonna raise you a dime," the dealer said. "There are all rich people here."

Dodo's blue eyes were clear and ice cold. She wasn't about to give away any secrets. She peered to her right. Hmm. Helen is smirking. Dodo thought Dodo glanced to her left. Vilma looks shell-shocked.

"O.K.," the dealer announced, "here we go."

Up came the cards around the table: ace of hearts, queen of diamonds, 10 of diamonds, queen of diamonds....

"Wait. Something's wrong with this deck," said Dodo, ripping the cards from the dealer's hands.

"All I did was look for a fresh deck,"



Mom won Wimbledon in 1905 and 1907 ...

said Helen, innocently holding up a shoe box bursting with at least 30 decks of cards.

"This is a pinochle deck," Dodo said, quite irritated.

"Uh, you never know what'll happen in La Jolla," the guilty party said.

Well, pour some more drinks. Here, have some more peanuts. Grab another deck of cards. The night's still young.

"Dodo used to play this tournament in December," says Schneider. "She'd stay up most of the night playing poker, and she'd win at poker and win her matches. Then, one time a couple of years ago, she lost a match. I said, 'Dodo, you can't stay up so late anymore.' She just smiled."

Dodo was born Dorothy May Bundy on Sept. 1, 1916 in Santa Monica. Her father, Thomas C. Bundy, won three U.S. doubles championships (1912-14) and was on two Davis Cup teams (1911 and 1914). A real estate mogul, he developed L.A.'s Miracle Mile. He also founded and built the Los Angeles Tennis Club, one of the oldest and most famous bastions of the game in the country.

Her mother was May Sutton, the driven, gutsy pioneer of women's sports in the U.S. The British used to call May "the Pasadena washerwoman," because she was the first female tennis player to push her blouse sleeves up to her elbows. She also wore fewer petticoats than other players because she knew women needed more freedom to move about the court. May won the U.S. women's singles and doubles in 1904, and a year later, at age 17, became the first American to win a singles title at Wimbledon. She won Wimbledon again in 1907, and 14 years later, at 33, was ranked fourth in the U.S. and made the semis at Forest Hills, after having four children.

To know May is to know Dodo. "Mrs. Bundy always walked onto the court looking as if she was in her bedroom."

Winning 114 national championships is only one of the 65-year-old Cheney's activities. She also keeps her house and grounds in Santa



says Pat Henry Yeomans, a childhood friend of Dodo's. "May loved ruffles, lace, feathers and big hats. She was the kind of woman who insisted on having tea and crumpets before she would begin the third set of any match."

"I remember watching May Sutton and Dodo play a mother-daughter event at a tournament in La Jolla when May was 81," says Ralph Trembley, who was a tournament official. "And her mother would scream at the top of her lungs, 'Dodo, get your ass up to the net!'"

Bill Bundy, Dodo's younger brother, also remembers that tournament. "Mother and Dodo got to the finals," he says. "Mother played net because she still had an extremely quick eye. Well, the net was a little long and part of it was lying flat on the court. Mother poached, and she caught her foot in the net. She fell, and you could hear the crowd cringe. She was bleeding like a stuck pig. We put wet towels on her elbows, arms and knees. Dodo said, 'Mother, we'll default.' And she said, 'We most certainly will not. I've never defaulted in my life.' They didn't win, and Mother couldn't walk the next day, but by God, she didn't default."

Three of May's sisters also were among the best women players in the country. Ethel Sutton Bruce won the Southern California women's championship four times (1906, 1911-13), and Flor-



... and her daughter shows no signs of letting up.

ence Sutton won the title in 1907 and 1914. Violet Sutton Doeg was Southern California champion in 1899, 1904 and 1905. (Her son, John Hope Doeg, won Forest Hills in 1930.) Together, May and her sisters won the Southern California women's title every year from 1899 through 1915.

Dodo, who began playing tennis at age 8, learned the basics from Florence.

May would have nothing to do with her daughter's tennis career, though by watching her mother, Dodo picked up May's Western forehand—the stroke she made famous—her keen court sense and, most important, her determination.

After a solid but unsensational junior career, Dodo made the Wightman Cup team at age 20 and reached the semifinals at Forest Hills. The next year, 1938, she won the Australian championships. In 1941 Dodo enrolled at Rollins College in Winter Park, Fla., where she and Pauline Betz, who later would win Forest Hills four times, headed what may well be the greatest women's college tennis team of all time. That year Dodo won her first national title, the U.S. Women's Indoor doubles, with Betz. In 1944 Dodo won the singles at the U.S. Clay Courts. From 1936 through 1946 she ranked in the top 10 in the U.S. every year but 1942, climbing as high as No. 3 three times.

Despite her success, Dodo knew she would never be the player May was. Still, she wanted nothing more than to please her mother and carry on the Sutton tradition in the sport. If she wasn't good enough to win major championships, Dodo decided, she would make her mark another way: She would win as many U.S. age-group titles as she could. But first she wanted to settle down and have a family. In 1946 Dodo married Art

continued

Monica sprucey, grows her own vegetables, fishes and windsurfs. Oh yes, she designs and makes her tennis dresses as well.



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Cincinnati	July 12-17
Seattle	July 30-Aug. 6
Milwaukee	Aug. 11-15
Newport, R.I.	Aug. 21-22
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DODO CHENEY continued

Cheney, a polo player and pilot for Western Airlines. They had three children, Brian, 34, a former captain of the Arizona tennis team and player/coach of the Phoenix Racquets of World Team Tennis and now a teaching pro in Phoenix; Christie, 30, in her day a high-ranked junior player in Southern California; and May, 33, who never played much tennis and is now a medical illustrator. Dodo limited her tennis to mixed-cocktail doubles and local tournaments. Also, for 15 years she ran a municipal tennis program for hundreds of kids in Santa Monica that has produced some of the best junior players in the country.

In the late '40s and early '50s national age-group tournaments for adults were getting popular. "And women were finally realizing it was O.K. to admit their age," says Dodo. So she grabbed her free Western Airlines pass and set off on the tournament trail. The titles quickly accumulated. Since winning the 40 hard courts in 1957 she has averaged four U.S. titles a year. In 1981 she won 13. The women against whom she had competed when she was younger hadn't kept themselves in as good shape as Dodo had. Nowadays Dodo plays the 50 and 55 doubles and 55, 60 and, occasionally, 65 singles. She doesn't play the 65s often because, as Christie says, "Mom likes to win, but she also likes to know she had to work for the win." Adds Schneider, "Because of Dodo, we've added 70 singles and doubles. But she won't play them. She wouldn't get enough competition."

Which of all the titles means the most to Dodo? "That would be the mother-daughter grass courts in 1976, with Christie," she says. "We had a great time. When I made a stinky shot, she'd say, 'That's O.K., Mom.' My mother never would have been that easy on me."

Dodo's physical condition should enable her to keep piling up national titles for a long time. She has only minor arthritic pain in her fingers, but she keeps it under control with a secret homemade remedy. Her worst enemies are nasty calluses that appear on her right hand after marathon gardening sessions. Her eyesight is good—she doesn't need glasses to play—she moves well and her reflexes are sharp. Her serve and backhand, the weakest parts of her game when she was young, are now stronger than those of most of her opponents. Her concentration has actually improved with age. Her

energy level is at an alltime high. She is rugged and resilient.

Yet beyond all this, something else has kept Dodo puddle-jumping across the U.S.: the last two years, tennis has been a release for her, a way to forget that time doesn't stand still for everyone. "In 1980 my dad had a massive stroke," says Christie. "He was completely immobilized and couldn't talk. We were told he had two weeks to two months to live. My mother made an immediate decision to care for him herself. She felt that a nursing home wasn't what he wanted. He loved their house up in the canyon."

"Well, he ended up living two years. Every two hours, for two years, my mother turned him. She chopped up his favorite foods for every meal because she thought he'd get bored with his formula. When she went to tournaments, friends stayed with him. She never complained. She always thought he had a chance to get better. Think of the devotion there. It wasn't until the last month that he got bedsores."

At 6:30 on a Sunday morning last May, just as she was getting dressed for the finals of the 60 singles and doubles at the National Hard Courts, Dodo got a phone call at the La Jolla Beach and Tennis Club. It was a friend calling to tell her that her husband had died during the night. "Mother and a friend who had recently lost her husband took a long walk on the beach to sort things out," says Brian. "Mother then told the tournament committee something had happened at home and that she had to leave. She said she'd play the doubles because her opponents had traveled so far but she wouldn't play the singles. After she won the doubles, though, she felt great. And she thought, 'Why not?' So she played the singles and won that, too."

Titles No. 110 and 111.

"His death didn't come as a surprise," says Dodo. "Still, you're never quite ready for it when it finally happens. It was just as well that I played in the finals. I would've been a basket case otherwise. It was good therapy. By the time I got home I was in much better shape."

"But I don't know if you should mention that I played two matches after finding out my husband died. I don't know if people will realize why I had to play, why I had to be in La Jolla, why I had to be around tennis. I think too many people will wonder why I didn't go home." **END**

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✓ Oldsmobile Toronado	Spec.	L	80
✓ Buick Wildcat	S.W.	L	82
✓ Oldsmobile 98	L.Dr.	L	82
✓ Oldsmobile Cutlass	S.W.	C.	85
✓ Oldsmobile Omega	L.Dr.	S.L.	86
✓ Chevrolet Caprice	S.W.	L	87
✓ Pontiac Bonneville	S.W.	L	87
✓ Oldsmobile Delta 88	L.Dr.	L	89
✓ Buick Wildcat	L.Dr.	L	89
✓ Buick LeSabre	L.Dr.	L	91
✓ Mercury Marquis	L.Dr.	L	94
✓ Buick Century	S.W.	C.	95
✓ Chevrolet Malibu	S.W.	C.	98
✓ Mercury Caprice	S.W.	S.L.	80
✓ Buick Century	L.Dr.	C.	83
✓ Chevrolet Citation	L.Dr.	S.L.	83
✓ Dodge Aspen	L.Dr.	L	84
✓ Plymouth Volare	S.W.	L	87

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(A relative injury claim frequency of 800 is average)

Model	Body	Size	Relative Frequency
✓ Dodge Challenger	L.Dr.	S.	802
✓ Fiat Tempra	**	S.	136
✓ Toyota Corolla Tercel	L.Dr.	S.	153
✓ Datsun 280ZX	L.Dr.	S.L.	150
✓ Plymouth Supra	L.Dr.	S.	149
✓ Plymouth Arrow	L.Dr.	S.L.	148
✓ Dodge Omni	L.Dr.	S.	142
✓ Honda Prelude	L.Dr.	S.L.	140
✓ Mazda GLC	**	S.L.	139
✓ Honda Civic	L.Dr.	S.L.	135
✓ Datsun 280	**	S.L.	135
✓ Plymouth Champ	L.Dr.	S.L.	126
✓ Mazda RX7	Sport	S.L.	132
✓ Mercury Bobcat	L.Dr.	S.L.	131
✓ Toyota Corolla	**	S.L.	130
✓ Ford Mustang	L.Dr.	S.	128
✓ Honda Civic	S.W.	S.L.	119

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BEST GM EVER

by Jim Kaplan

You can say he's made of true Britt

Chicago's Britt Burns is not just another one of those flaky lefties

In 1979 the Chicago White Sox were being called the team for the future, mainly because they had six young and impressive starting pitchers—Ken Krawiec, 28, Francisco Barrios, 26, Rick Wortham, 25, Ross Baumgarten, 24, Dick Dotson, 20, and Steve Trout, 22. In 1980 two promising farmhands, LaMarr Hoyt and Britt Burns, joined the crew. So why didn't the White Sox win something—even a half-division pennant—in 1981? Well, Krawiec's record slipped from 15-13 to 3-6 and he was shipped cross-town to the Cubs in '81. Barrios pitched infrequently and erratically for two years, was released last September and died of an apparent heart attack last April. Wortham went from 14-14 in 1979, to 4-7 in 1980, to Montreal and the minors in '81. Baumgarten slid from 13-8 to 2-12 to 5-9, and is 0-2 with Pittsburgh this season. As for Trout and Dotson, they're 5-6 and 3-11 respectively for the Sox this year. Hoyt? He won his first nine decisions this season, but since then has lost 9 of 13.

That leaves Burns, a 23-year-old left-hander, and if Chicago has a future, Burns seems to be it. In 1980 he was his league's Rookie Pitcher of the Year, walking only 2.38 batters per nine innings while winning 15 and losing 13 for a hitting-poor team that finished 20 games under .500. Last season he was 10-6, with a 2.64 ERA despite the seven-week strike and another four weeks during which he commuted to his starts from Birmingham, where he attended his dying father. At week's end, Burns was 11-4 with a 3.55 ERA for a team struggling to stay at .500.

He's called Hoss because of his size (6' 5", 218 pounds) and easygoing manner, but there's nothing relaxed about his pitching. On the mound he pushes his stomach forward like a man itching to fight, and his style reminds people of another dominating lefty, Steve Carlton. Like Carlton, Burns has a rising fastball and a slider that breaks down and in on

Harrelson, who has been in and around the majors nearly 20 years. "The young Sam McDowell and Frank Tanana had better stuff, but they got by on raw talent. Burns knows how to pitch. He's not the typical 'flaky leftlander'."

"What separates Burns from the others is his control," says Tony LaRussa, the White Sox manager who has fallen out of favor with the team's ownership in light of Chicago's 7-12 record since the All-Star break. "He throws strikes—good strikes—up and down, in and out."

In fact, in 542 major league innings, Burns has walked only 173 batters. Sox Assistant G.M. Ron Schueler, who was named as the club's pitching coach last month, points to Burns's confidence. "He even had it when he came up from A-ball late in the 1978 season and got himself knocked around a couple of times by the Tigers," says Schueler. "Some kids would have gone into a shell and never come out again. Burns found out that he could get by for a while on his fastball, but that hitters would eventually get to him by waiting for his lollipop curve. So he went down and worked on developing a breaking ball."

Burns had come up with a good slider by 1980, but when it fails now, he has a decent curve and changeup in reserve. And plenty of common sense. "I'd rather throw strikes and let them hit the ball to my fielders than try to strike everybody out," he says. "I know what I can do."

In part, this knowledge was instilled by his late father, Charlie, an insurance salesman and baseball nut who died last year at age 54. "He'd say, 'It doesn't matter how good you are, there's always someone better,'" Burns recalls. "He taught me never to be satisfied. I'd play in a Little League game, strike everybody out, go 3 for 4, and I wouldn't be happy until we sat down to dinner. I'd say, 'How'd I do?' He'd say, 'Fine.' That made my whole day worthwhile."

Always big for his age, Burns grew so fast that when he was 13 he needed to have pins inserted in his hip area to stabi-



right-handed batters. Both pitchers concentrate so fiercely on throwing to the catcher that the hitter becomes almost incidental. "I know who's up," says Burns, "but that's in the back of my mind. In the front is what I have to do."

As for their dissimilarities, Carlton, 37, has better command of his curve and changeup, Burns may throw harder. Also, Carlton is one of baseball's fastest workers, while Burns labors like a monk over a manuscript.

"Burns is the best young left-hander I've ever seen," says broadcaster Ken

lize the growth centers at the upper ends of his thigh bones. He missed an entire year of school while recuperating from the surgery. He still lurches from side to side as he walks, as if he were on stilts. Britt spent his year off contentedly drawing pictures of the family horse and writing poetry. He says the enforced layoff taught him the importance of conditioning. "I had been a slow, fat kid. Now I'd have to work extra hard to catch up." And he did.

By the end of his sophomore year at suburban Fultondale High School, he was nearly unbeatable in Division 3A, the second-highest level in Alabama. The next year, Charlie Burns moved the family into the 4A Huffman High district. At Huffman, Burns had a 20-1 record. He had 292 strikeouts and allowed only 30 walks, 30 hits and one earned run for an infinitesimal 0.05 ERA in 139 innings. One night during his senior year, some two dozen scouts showed up to watch him, so the school went ahead with a game that should have been rained out. Burns threw an 18-strikeout no-hitter. He figured he had given the scouts his best shot. If they weren't impressed, well, he could always accept the scholarship he had been offered by Auburn. The scouts were impressed. Even so, the White Sox might not have signed him if Robert Crome, the former back editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, hadn't been passing through Birmingham. Crome sent a newspaper clip of the game, which the White Sox hadn't scouted, to club President Bill Veeck. Ken Silvestri, a scout in those days and now Schueler's successor as pitching coach, was dispatched to Birmingham, and Chicago drafted Burns in the third round.

Two years later, Burns was in the majors to stay, to the special delight of his biggest fan, his dad. But on July 16, 1981 Charlie Burns was struck by a car while picking up the mail outside the family's summer home. He fell into a coma for several days and suffered brain damage. He died on Sept. 9. When the strike-interrupted baseball season resumed on Aug. 10, Britt spent one day in five pitching for the White Sox and the rest of the time with his father. His pitching actually flourished during the ordeal.

"Britt's career had always been uppermost in our minds," says his mother, Nancy, a retired secretary. "We'd given it a preeminence it didn't necessarily deserve. As a result of the accident, we put

Britt's pitching in proper perspective. He felt less pressure. On the other hand, Britt says he pitched more intently. After all, he was pitching for his father."

"His eyes were usually open," says Britt. "We had no way of knowing whether he could hear us, but there was no way I was going to go down there to tell him. 'Well, I lost one for you, Dad.' It wasn't all that hard to pitch. The pitching helped me take my mind off the accident. I found strength and determination I never knew I had." At one point Burns threw 30 consecutive scoreless innings.

"It was one of the most courageous performances I've ever seen by an athlete," says LaRussa. The White Sox owners thought so, too: After the season Burns signed a three-year contract calling for \$350,000 in 1982, \$550,000 in 1983 and \$750,000 in 1984. If money can guarantee a rosy future, the Sox appear to have made at least one very good investment.

THE WEEK

(July 26-Aug. 1)

by HERM WEISKOPF

AL WEST For three days Manager Don Zimmer of Texas (3-3) must have felt like the loneliest Ranger. On Monday he was fired—then promptly told to manage the team's next three games until a successor was found. "Very strange," said Zim. "Shabby," said Third Baseman Buddy Bell. Ultimately, Darrell Johnson, the Rangers' dugout coach, was named interim manager; in 1976 it was Zimmer who replaced the canned Johnson as manager of the Red Sox. Said Owner Eddie Chiles of Texas' managerial hanging: "I think we came across looking inept." Charlie Hough, who gave Zimmer his last Ranger victory by beating the Brewers 3-1, also gave Johnson his first win when he and Danny Darwin held off New York 3-2.

Meanwhile, Tony LaRussa of the White Sox (3-4) seemed on the verge of losing his job, but two votes by Salome Barrios, 435 hitting by Carlton Fisk and three straight defeats of Boston bought him some time.

With the Royals (6-1) leading the Orioles 3-2, George Brett led off the eighth with a double. Up stepped Hal McRae, who leads the majors with 91 RBIs. Everyone knew McRae would swing away. Except McRae: On his own, he dropped down a bunt that moved Brett to third, and a sacrifice fly scored Brett with the run that secured a 4-3 K-C victory. Said McRae of his bunt: "The runner

had to get to third. I didn't just get off the last vegetable truck onto town." Nor did Vida Blue, who went seven innings to defeat Cleveland 8-1 and then blanked Baltimore 2-0. Blue, dissatisfied with his inconsistent pitching, stopped throwing in the bullpen between starts and pitched batting practice instead. "I get a better idea of what my pitches are doing when I pitch to live hitters," he explained.

The Mariners (3-4), who had lost 15 of 17 previous games in Anaheim and had scored only seven runs in their last 60 innings there, scored six runs in the fourth inning to jolt the Angels 9-3. Dave Edler's two homers—one a grand slam—beat Minnesota 9-7.

Gary Gaetti also homered with the bases full, leading the Twins (2-5) past the Mariners 10-4. But a pair of one-run losses in Oakland left Minnesota with 18 such setbacks this year. The A's (4-3), who were one out away from losing the first of those games to the Twins, tied the score on a homer by Jeff Burroughs and won in the 10th on a double by Ricky Henderson and a single by Dan Meyer. During an 11-8 defeat of California, Henderson stole two bases, had a single, double, homer, two RBIs and scored three times. Said Angel Reggie Jackson of Henderson: "I'm used to the league lead in home runs [with Gorman Thomas of Milwaukee], but I'd fear him more than me." Altogether, Henderson hit .481 and stole seven bases, raising his total to .49. But he was gunned down three times by Angel Catcher Bob Boone, who has caught 42 of 72 would-be stealers.

Manager Gene Mauch of the division-leading Angels (5-2) regularly insists that his team has the best defense extant. And he said that before Brian Downing, a converted catcher, improved his glove work in the outfield. Downing's full-speed, wall-jumping catch in the leftfield corner took a home run away from Seattle's Dave Henderson. That catch, plus one by Third Baseman Doug DeCinces that turned a sure double into an out, enabled Ken Forsch to win 2-0. Steve Renko, who at age 37 is having his finest season, upped his record to 9-2 by stopping Seattle 3-1.

CALL 59-44 KC 57-44 CH 52-49 SEA 52-51
OAK 44-61 TEX 40-59 MIN 35-69

AL EAST "If we work hard, we can get back to mediocrity," said disenchanted Toby Harrah of the Indians (4-4). There was, though, nothing mediocre about making three throwing errors on one play. It all began when Second Baseman Larry Milbourne grabbed a liner and made an errant throw to first trying to double up Milwaukee's Gorman Thomas. First Baseman Mike Hargrove ran down the ball and threw it past home plate when he tried to nail Robin Yount coming in from third. After Catcher Chris Bando retrieved the ball, he attempted to gun down Thomas, who was steaming toward third. Bando's throw sailed

continued

into leftfield. Thomas scored and the Brewers prevailed 4-2. Those weren't the only gaffes—or the worst ones. During a rain delay in Cleveland the grounds crew accidentally rolled the tarp over one of its workers, who required minor medical attention. The bright spots were three wins over Milwaukee, one by a 5-1 score when Andre Thornton walked a grand slam in the 12th inning.

The Tigers (12-4) were also no strangers to adversity, losing four one-run games. Detroit even lost when its starter pitched a shutout. Jerry Ujdur was lifted after nine scoreless innings, and the Blue Jays won 1-0 in the 10th. In that game Jim Gott went all the way for Toronto (3-3), which won when Damaso Garcia doubled and Jesse Barfield singled. Garcia hit .409, with five doubles, and stole five bases to give him 33; he's No. 2 in the league, 66 behind Rickey Henderson.

New York (3-3) beat Detroit 8-7 when Bobby Murcer, pinch-hitting for Lou Piniella, who was pinch-hitting for Oscar Gamble, hit a three-run homer off nighthanded Reliever Bob James. No sooner had owner George Steinbrenner said—oh, no, not again—that Graig Nettles was "in the twilight of his career" than Nettles responded by walloping a pair of home runs.

Rolfie Fingers' 22nd and 23rd saves enabled the Brewers (4-1) to stay in first. So did Jim Stalon (3-2), who beat Cleveland 7-2, Boston (3-4), down 7-1 in the third inning against Toronto, rallied for a 9-7 win, in which Dwight Evans homered twice.

Baltimore (3-4), which was 5-1 during Manager Earl Weaver's suspension for refusing to use an umpire, was 2-4 with Earl back in command. Four minutes before a 1 a.m. curfew would have suspended a 3-3 tie with Chicago as Weaver's first game back, Cal Ripken Jr. slugged a two-run homer.

MIL 60-43 BOS 56-44 BAL 54-45 NY 50-48
DET 51-49 CLE 50-50 TOR 48-53

NL WEST "I was pretty tired after six, but Russ made me feel like I wasn't tired," said Bruce Berenyi of the Reds (2-6), referring to Manager Russ Nixon. Berenyi ended up going the route, pitching a five-hitter and driving in two runs to beat the Padres 4-2. When a pitcher needs serious talking to, Nixon prefers visiting the mound himself. "I think I convey the message better," explains Nixon, who replaced John McNamara as manager on July 21. "Bill [Pitching Coach Fischer] goes out for mechanics, I go out to raise hell." Nixon may raise hell, but evidenced by the boost he gave Berenyi, he can also raise pitchers' spirits. That gift will be more necessary than ever for the rest of the season, because Nixon probably will have to get along without bullpen stalwart Tom Hume, who underwent surgery for torn cartilage in his right knee.

BALL PARK FIGURES

The best ball-and-strike umpires, according to an SI poll of pitchers who have been in the same league since at least 1980:

NATIONAL LEAGUE

1. Harry Wendelstedt (16 years of service)
2. Doug Harvey (20)
3. Dutch Renner (6)
4. Bruce Froemming (11)
5. Ed Vargo (22)

AMERICAN LEAGUE

1. Steve Palermo (6)
2. Bill Haller (20)
3. Rich Garcia (8)
4. Ken Kauer (8)
5. Mike Reilly (5)

Vicente Romo of the Dodgers (5-2) also had surgery to repair a cartilage tear in his left knee. After Romo was hurt in the second inning of a game against the Giants, Joe Beckwith, who replaced him, fired 5½ innings of hitless ball and won 7-3. It was Beckwith's first appearance for Los Angeles since he was 3-3 with a 1.95 ERA in 60 innings in 1980.

The hard-throwing righthander missed all of last season after suffering a frank abrasion during spring training. While pitching batting practice, Beckwith jerked his head out of the way of a line drive. The quick movement caused an eye muscle to weaken, leaving him with double vision and necessitating two operations. The Dodgers kept alive their flickering hopes of catching Atlanta (page 14) by sweeping four games there.

Bill Linsky of the Giants (4-3) bolstered his chances of becoming the league's rookie pitcher of the year by winning twice. In a matchup with Fernando Valenzuela, Linsky tossed a three-hitter and came out on top 6-1. Four of the Giants' runs were driven in by a rookie with a name that has an L.A. ring to it—Third Baseman Tom O'Malley (no relation to Walter or Peter). Greg Minton's 17th save locked up Linsky's ninth triumph of the year, a 5-4 decision in Houston.

San Diego (3-5) ended a five-game losing streak by beating Cincinnati 5-4 and 6-2 in a doubleheader. Tim Lollar and Eric Show were the winners, each benefitting from 2½ innings of fine relief—by Dave Dravecky in the opener and Gary Lucas in the nightcap.

Fine pitching and timely home-run hitting gave the Astros (5-2) their best week of the season. Phil Garner's dagger best the Reds 4-3, and his three-run blast made Don Sutton a 3-1 victor over the Giants. And Nolan Ryan's 200th career triumph was a five-hit, 13-strikeout 3-2 verdict over Cincinnati.

ATL 61-41 SD 56-46 LA 56-49
SF 50-54 HOUS 46-56 CIN 38-68

NL EAST The latest report on the hitters' grapevine was enough to cause an epidemic of the yaps. Steve Carlton of the Phillies (4-2) has a new pitch. "Basically, it's a changeup that he turns over a little," says Manager Pat Corrales. Carlton mixed in the new creation with his wicked slider and popping fastball while beating Chicago 3-1 for his 14th victory. Something else new: Manny Trillo made an error, his first after 479 chances and 89 consecutive games in one season—major league marks for a second baseman. George Vuckovich batted 421 and Mike Schmidt homered four days in a row, giving him nine in 14 games.

Efforts by the Cardinals (3-3) to overhaul Darrell Porter's swing began to pay off. With improved mechanics and a more level stroke, Porter, who was hitting .237 at the week's start, homered twice and hit .333.

A stiff back forced John Candelaria of the Pirates (4-2) to leave the mound after five innings against the Mets. In came Manny Sarmiento, who went four scoreless innings to seal a 5-1 triumph. But the Bucs, winners of 27 of their last 40 games, will be without Dave Parker for at least three weeks; he had surgery to repair a ruptured ligament at the base of his left thumb.

Andre Dawson of Montreal (5-1) did it all. During a 5-3 win in Chicago he made a spectacular catch to prevent a certain extra-base hit and easily doubled a runner off first. Then,

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

SIXTO LEZCANO: The San Diego Padres outfielder batted .519 and drove across a dozen runs. His 14 hits in 27 trips to the plate included nine extra-base blows—five round-trippers and four doubles.

in the 10th inning of a game in St. Louis, he ran a double into a triple after Centerfielder Willie McGee threw behind him to second base. A moment later, Dawson scored the winning run on a sacrifice fly. On Friday, he made another remarkable catch in deepest center, and after Tim Lincecum had walked and stolen second in the 11th inning, Dawson doubled him home for a 5-4 victory over the Cardinals.

While extending their losing streak to eight games, the Cubs (1-6) batted .215. But on Sunday they beat Philly 7-2. Before the Mets (1-5) faced the Cardinals, Manager George Bamberger addressed his sorry squad. "I told them they have two months to prove to me they aren't losers," he said. "If two months from now I think a guy is a loser, I'm going to do everything in my power to get him off this club. I suspect we have some losers."

PHIL 58-43 STL 58-45 PIT 54-46
MON 58-47 NY 45-57 CH 41-45



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by William Nack

His Priorities are in order

Alexis Arguello KO'd Kevin Rooney and now has a date with Aaron Pryor

The warning flags were out last Saturday afternoon, and no one in Atlantic City got the message more clearly than Aaron Pryor, the WBA junior welterweight champion. Pryor was at Bally's Park Place Casino Hotel because he has signed to defend his 140-pound title against WBC lightweight champion Alexis Arguello in late October or early November and wanted to study Arguello against Kevin Rooney.

Pryor got an eyeful as Arguello knocked out Rooney with a straight right hand so powerful that Rooney's head didn't clear until he got back to his hotel room almost an hour later. "What round?" Rooney asked his wife in the dressing room. "The second," she said.

"Better watch out for that right hand!" Roger Leonard, Sugar Ray's brother, called to Pryor after the fight.

"He better watch out for my right hand," Pryor said.

Teddy Brenner, who made this fight

for Top Rank, said mischievously, "Aaron, you might have to train for this fight." Replied Pryor, "If I get hit with one of those right hands, I can forget it. But it'll be a challenge for him to make my bell ring."

Rooney was no challenge for the 135-pound champion, and for him the bell tolled loud and dolorously. The fight was to serve as a test for Arguello at 140 pounds, a weight at which he had never fought. The 30-year-old Nicaraguan expatriate began his career as a bantamweight—when he was 16, almost 14 years ago—and has gradually moved up in weight class, along the way winning world titles as a featherweight, a junior lightweight and a lightweight. He is one of only six fighters in history to gain championships in three divisions. Should he pry Aaron from his title, he will become the only man ever to win four.

"This is a thermometer for me," Arguello said before the fight. "To see if I

can resist a punch, to see if my punch can damage. To feel my strength, I've been training to feel those kinds of punches. But it is different to be in training and be in a fight. Right now I feel faster, and stronger. When I fight at 135, I have to lose five pounds. My doctor told me that my body [5' 9½"] is built to support 160 pounds. Right now I make 140 normally. I think I can do it at 140."

The 26-year-old Rooney, who had been fighting as a welterweight, (147 pounds) and had slimmed down to 140 for Arguello, had a 19-1 record as a pro (he was 60-10 in the amateurs). He was chosen to test Arguello because, Brenner said after the fight, of his "iron chin—never been knocked down in 20 pro fights." That's almost true. Rooney says one Clyde Graves had him on the canvas "for a second" two years ago. In his only loss, Rooney had a fight of it for almost seven rounds against future WBA junior middleweight champ Davey Moore, losing when the bout was stopped because of cuts.

For Rooney this chance was what he had been working toward for the last seven years, ever since veteran trainer Cus D'Amato had rescued the high school dropout from a rough and tumble neighborhood of Staten Island, put him up in his three-story, 14-room house in the Catskills overlooking the Hudson River, and installed him in his boxing school. "It turned my life upside down," Rooney says. "It gave me a chance to do something. I figured, 'Hey, this is a chance to make something of myself.' I figured I'd chase a dream."

D'Amato also insisted that Rooney attend college, and three years ago he graduated with a degree in human services from Columbia-Greene Community College. With that behind him, Rooney turned pro, and when Brenner called D'Amato with the offer to fight Arguello, Cus jumped at it, surprising many people. "I've never made a match unless I thought my fighter could win," D'Amato said before the fight. "If he does what he's capable of doing, he'll win. We'll see if he has the emotional maturity to withstand pressure of this type."

continued

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Outside of Arguello himself, of course, Pryor had the most to lose if Rooney won. Pryor is anticipating a \$1.6 million payday, Arguello at least \$1.5 million, by far the biggest purse for both. "When I saw him [Rooney] get in the ring, I felt better," Pryor said. "He didn't have 'win' on his face. He had 'fight' on his face, but definitely not 'win.'"

Arguello simply applied more skill and pressure than Rooney could bear from the opening bell to the fight's sudden, violent conclusion. The man who stays in front of Arguello—who fails to make angles to the left and right—plays dangerously into Arguello's strengths, like a matador trying to play a bull head on. Yet there Rooney was in front of him.

"Alexis' jab took Rooney off balance," said Arguello's trainer, Eddie Futch. "He couldn't use lateral mobility." Futch also had figured that Arguello could shoot the right over Rooney's jab. "You can beat that jab with a right hand all the way," Futch said. "He's so vulnerable to that."

Rooney fought bravely—he tried to keep the pressure on Arguello, taking shots and never backing up—but it was clear in the first round that he was outclassed. In the first minute Arguello came over the top with a snappy left and hard right that staggered Rooney. Rooney backed Arguello up with an overhand right, but Arguello came off the ropes and continued his assault—down with a hook, then up with it. One jarring hook bloodied Rooney's nose.

Rooney is a bobbler and weaver who usually isn't easy to hit, but Arguello measured him in the first round with punishing rights and lefts to the midriff. When the round ended, the only question was when the fight would.

Arguello quickened his attack in the second round, unloading more hooks to the body to bring Rooney's hands down, then coming in with rights. He rocked Rooney with a right early in the round, and moments later hurt him with a left-right combination. Rooney is no puncher, and what he landed was to little effect. The end was surely coming, as loud as a train. "He dropped his left hand—that's when it happened," Arguello said afterward. "I was waiting for the moment." With less than 10 seconds to go, Arguello jabbed, saw an opening and unleashed a tremendous right that caught Rooney flush on the cheek.

"The perfect punch," Brenner said. Rooney crumpled, falling on his back, his

head hitting the bottom strand of rope, his left arm draped over it, his eyes open but vacant. One of the first to rush to his side was Arguello. "How is he?" Arguello asked the attending physician, who said, "He's all right."

For a long time after the fight, Rooney could recall the moment and its aftermath only as disconnected fragments. He could remember throwing a jab, and then: "I do kind of remember getting really nailed, but I can't picture it in my mind." Then a blank. Then someone consoling him at ringside and the hazy walk to the dressing room. "I started coming around in my hotel room," he

precise and harmonious as a Mozart concerto, Pryor creates mayhem out of annoyance, then smashes his guitar like Pete Townshend of the Who. Undeclared in 31 pro fights, with 29 knockouts, he doesn't intend to change now.

"That's my style," he says. "Why change it? You've seen me fight, I'm crazy. I'll fight him with everything I got. If he knocks me out, fine. He's a technician. My game is to fight. If he can withstand the pain, the pressure, he deserves it."

Futch sees possible difficulties for Arguello. "Aaron Pryor has a very different style," he says. "He's unorthodox. He's strong. He can present problems."



Rooney spent six minutes in the ring, but it took an hour for him to recall what hit him.

said. "I'm terribly disappointed in my showing. I made a mistake and the man caught me clean. I'm capable of giving him a better fight."

The fight ended too soon for Arguello to get a line on himself as a 140-pounder. "I think I did good but I'm not really 100 percent sure if I can handle 140," he said.

Whatever, the fight was long enough to give Pryor pause. "Aaron, don't stand still during the fight!" he told himself. Pryor need not remind himself of that. In the ring he keeps moving like a racehorse caught in a burning barn, throwing punches from all points of the compass, off balance and on. While Arguello is as

Arguello will be training for the fight of his life, for that fourth championship. He will soon go to the mountains, intensify, train for two months in Colorado Springs. "The altitude there will help," Arguello says. "Pryor will be throwing punches right from the start. I will need big lungs. When I come down from the mountain, I will be in double-good condition. . . . I put my mind for two months to the mountain. Get away from the world there. Concentrate on what I want. I'm sure Aaron will do the same. It will be a heck of a fight. He wants to keep his title, and I want to do what nobody has ever done."

END

Just like dear old Dad

by William Leggett

Seattle Slew's 2-year-old daughter Landaluce is already a red-hot runner

The name of the most exciting racehorse in the world today sounds like one of those expressions Minnie Pearl belts out from the stage of the Grand Ole Opry in Nashville: *Laaand-A-Looseee!* Landaluce is a 2-year-old filly who came forward in July, a month when hundreds of other young horses take their first green steps on the track. The one certain thing about 2-year-olds in July is that they should seldom be taken seriously. The rule of thumb says, wait until October and November before getting excited about the horses that will run in the classics the following spring. But Landaluce is the exception to the rule. She took July and turned it into November.

After only two races she's being compared to some of the finest horses ever to knock over a feed tub, and if she somehow sustains the amazing form she has already shown, the sport is in for some heavenly days. In her first race, at Hollywood Park on July 3, Landaluce galloped off to win the six-furlong event by seven lengths in the flashy time of 1:08½. Among those she left in the ruck was her stablemate, the nicely named *Some Kinda Flirt* (by *Quick from Winking Aye*), who three weeks later won the

\$58,900 *Lady Sponsors' Stakes* at *Al-Sar-Ben*. But it was Landaluce's second start that was really responsible for all the commotion.

This was the \$77,500 *Hollywood Lassie*, again at six furlongs. Barzell, who was undefeated in two starts, one a stakes, was supposed to be Landaluce's main opposition. Landaluce toyed with her and the three other fillies in the race. Just before the top of the stretch, Landaluce was 1½ lengths in front, and at the finish she led *Bold Out Line* by 21 lengths, crossing the line in 1:08, which is believed to be the fastest any 2-year-old filly has ever run six furlongs. Perhaps the best description of the race came from jockey *Ray Sibille*, who rode *Bold Out Line*. "I saw Landaluce briefly," Sibille said. "When I looked up ahead it seemed like her feet were floating."

It's the 21 lengths that clears one's sinuses. No horse has ever won a stakes at Hollywood Park by such a large margin, and the track has been open for 44 years. (Granted, in 1974 *Chris Evert* defeated *Miss Musket* by 50 lengths in a match race there, but match races rarely turn out to be good races and *Miss Musket* was hopelessly beaten and was eased

through the final part of that race.)

In fact, racing records rarely turn up a 2-year-old who wins by as much as 21 lengths. *Seattle Slew* took a 2-year-old race by 9¾, and *Secretariat* won one by eight as a 2-year-old, but *Man o' War's* biggest winning margin at that age was six. *Count Fleet*, however, won the *Walden Stakes* at *Pimlico* by 30 lengths. Among fillies, only one ever got close to Landaluce's margin: On May 22, 1974 at *Belmont Park*, a filly equaled the track record by going 5½ furlongs in 1:03 and winning by 15. Her name? *Ruffian*.

Tremors shook the racing world following Landaluce's victory in the *Lassie*. "It was the greatest performance by a 2-year-old I've ever looked at," says *Laz Barrera*, the man who trained *Affirmed*, the 1977 2-year-old champion colt, and *It's In The Air*, the 1978 2-year-old filly co-champion. "Landaluce cost \$650,000 as a yearling in 1981," Barrera says, "and after looking at film of the *Lassie* over and over again, I went to the *Keeneland* yearling sales and bought her full sister for \$1.5 million for *Dolly Green*, one of my owners. That's how much Landaluce has impressed me. Two-year-olds come

After a tap from *Pincay*, Landaluce came home in the *Lassie Stakes* by 21 lengths.



and go but Landaluce's don't."

That film of the Lassie, which Barrera and thousands of others have now seen on either the late news in California or over ESPN's *Horse Racing Weekly*, is a marvelous document. The camera shows Landaluce 1½ lengths in front after the quarter pole and then follows her as she widens. And widens. And widens. The camera stays on Landaluce as she gallops out at the clubhouse turn before turning back to the finish line. A full three seconds pass before the next horse reaches the line. "That film looks like a trick," says Loren Rettele, the trainer of Bold Out Line. "It looks like two different horse races, the one with Landaluce in it and another race. I guess I was lucky to be only beaten 21 lengths. Not long after the Lassie we were able to sell Bold Out Line for a very good price because she finished second to Landaluce."

Laffit Pincay Jr., the current leading jockey in the U.S., who has ridden the filly in both of her races, was also impressed. "I have never been on a horse like Landaluce," he says. "In her second start I still slapped her over on the shoulder with my whip. She took off like a rocket ship. Normally I'm not a superstitious man, but I walk around these days with my fingers crossed, hoping nothing happens to her. When I see Wayne Lukas [Landaluce's trainer] walking toward me, my instinct is to turn away. I'm afraid he's going to tell me that something has gone wrong. I never want to hear that she has even turned a hair."

Landaluce, who's named after Francisco Landaluce, the guide and host at a Spanish ranch where the filly's owners went on a hunting trip last year, is from the first crop of 27 horses produced by 1977 Triple Crown winner Seattle Slew. (She's out of the Bold Bodder mare Strip Poker.) A year ago, seven Slew yearlings were sold at auction for an average price of \$380,000, a figure that put Slew fourth among sires represented at auction. However, a few days after Landaluce's Lassie victory, 10 yearlings from Slew's second crop went under the hammer in Lexington—and fetched an average of \$653,000.

To understand the impact of Land-



Trainer Lukas shares a tender moment with his fast filly.

lucel on this year's sales, one must compare the Seattle Slew yearlings with those of J.O. Tobin, the first horse to beat Slew. In July of 1977, after rolling through the classics as the only undefeated Triple Crown winner in history, Slew was sent from New York to California to run in the \$300,000 Swaps Stakes at Hollywood. The trip was ill-advised, to say the least. Slew should have had his shoes pulled after the Belmont, something his trainer, Billy Turner, wanted to do. Slew's owners, however, chose to go to California, and the result was that J.O. Tobin became an instant celebrity by beating him. Last year J.O.'s first crop of yearlings went to the sales rings and did very well, averaging \$361,700—only \$18,300 below the Slew yearlings. This year J.O.'s average fell to \$184,000, a staggering \$469,000 less than Slew's *Laland-A-Loose!*

Landaluce is owned by Barry Beal and Bob French of Midland, Texas and trained by Lukas, who currently is among the leaders in the nation in stakes victories. Five years ago Lukas went to the sales at Keeneland and bid \$275,000 to get a filly from the second crop of another Triple Crown winner, Secretariat. Eventually named Terlingua, she won her first four races, and then Lukas shipped her east in the fall of 1978 to try to win the Eclipse Award as the nation's top filly. Unfortunately, Terlingua was beaten twice and ultimately lost the title

to It's In The Air and Candy Eclair. Lukas, Beal and French want the Eclipse Award for Landaluce, but the chances of her being shipped east are zilch.

"We'll do what we think is exactly the right thing for Landaluce," says Lukas. "I don't think we have to go east to prove anything. If anybody wants to believe they have a better filly than she is, then they can ship to face Landaluce." Lukas is contemplating two possible courses for his filly. "We can go to Arlington Park," he says, "and run against the colts in the \$500,000 Arlington-Washington Futurity on Aug. 28. Or we can stay at Del Mar and run against fillies in the \$125,000 Del Mar Debutante on September 5."

Lukas' next move is of great interest, because Landaluce's fame has spread throughout the nation. "The day after she won the Lassie, the phone kept jangling off the hook," he says. "Good Morning America called, among others, and I didn't think I'd live to see the day when Good Morning America would call a 2-year-old filly. When I went to Kentucky for the sales two weeks ago, it seemed that everyone was talking about Landaluce. And the mail is coming in already. In the 27 years I've been training quarter horses and thoroughbreds, I've never encountered the reaction that she has generated. We're having pictures of her made up so that if any little girl or boy in Des Moines falls in love with Landaluce, they can write to us and get a picture."

Because Landaluce runs so fast and is exposed to the hard California surfaces, there is concern that the filly will break down. "Sure," Lukas says, "that's always in the back of the mind of anyone who has a good horse. But don't worry, she'll be well taken care of. John Nerud [the president and general manager of Tartan Farm, which has sent Lukas many fine horses, among them Codex and Stalwart] called me the day that we shipped Landaluce from Hollywood Park down to Del Mar. 'How did she ship?' John asked. I said, 'John, we got a special way to ship her. We wrap her gorgeous ass all up in Styrofoam so that only her head sticks out and she just moves right on down the highway.'" Fast.





SPECIAL REPORT

The Reverend John Lo Schiavo, S.J., the 57-year-old president of the University of San Francisco, was grim and purposeful as he stepped to the microphones in University Center last Thursday morning. Because of preliminary news reports, everyone knew what Lo Schiavo was about to say—that the school was dropping basketball—but there was a certain drama in

Bringing Down The Curtain

All-America Quintin Dailey's guilty plea to an assault charge led to disclosures that brought an end to college basketball at San Francisco

by **ROBERT H. BOYLE**
and **ROGER JACKSON**

waiting for him to say it. The University of San Francisco, the Does: the school that won two consecutive NCAA championships and 60 consecutive games from 1954 to 1956 and 15 West Coast Athletic Conference championships overall, including five in the last six years. The alma mater of Bill Russell, K.C. Jones, Bill Cartwright—and Quintin Dailey. By pleading guilty last June to aggravated assault of a USF coed the previous December, the All-America guard precipitated a chain of events that led to an unrelated university investigation that was now about to bring nearly 60 years of victory crashing down.

From start to finish, the Dailey case has revealed shocking conditions at the university: a kid-glove attitude toward basketball players, a sloppy Public Safety (campus police) operation and an administration that's slow to react or inexcusably ignorant. Lo Schiavo didn't even know that Dailey, the star of the team, was suspected of

continued

Dailey, the Chicago Bulls' first-round draft pick, is on probation and looking forward to a lucrative pro career.

San Francisco

Continued

assault with intent to commit rape until a month after the incident occurred in a dormitory across a walk from his office.

At the press conference Father Lo Schiavo began by saying, "The Board of Trustees of the University of San Francisco decided yesterday that the men's intercollegiate Division I basketball program at USF should and will be discontinued. Anyone who is familiar with this institution and its proud history will understand what a painful decision this is. In all the circumstances, however, the Board had no other responsible choice. The circumstances centrally involve problems with the basketball program

ty, conducted the in-house investigation that brought about the unprecedented decision to discontinue basketball. The investigation resulted from Dailey's surprising revelation in a probation officer's report, made public on June 26, that he had received \$1,000 a month last summer for a no-show job with Electric Supply of Salinas, Calif. The owner is J. Luis Zabala, a former president of the Century Club, a booster organization for USF basketball, and brother of Father Albert Zabala, S.J., associate professor of theology at USF. The Zabala family has been a major non-sports donor to the school for years.

has paid money on numerous occasions to an enrolled student athlete who did no work for it." Later, when asked privately how much Zabala had given Dailey, Lo Schiavo said, "We're not sure, different figures have been given." Why did Zabala give Dailey the money? "I can't get inside Mr. Zabala's head," Lo Schiavo said. "I'm convinced that Mr. Zabala is only one of a lot of people out there who simply believe that you can't compete effectively without cheating. So they look at a university that wants to abide by the rules as naive, and they just want to go on doing what they want to do." Did Coach Barry give Dailey any money? Barry denied Dailey's charge to \$1 and told the school's investigators that he had never given or arranged payments to any players while he was the coach. But the investigators never asked either Barry or Dailey about Dailey's specific charge.

On another matter, Father Lo Schiavo announced, "Arrangements were made for another alumnus to pay high school tuition for a high school student being recruited. It should be emphasized that the high school student was and is totally innocent; he knew nothing about the matter." The high school student, who recently graduated, is Paul Fortier, a 6' 9" center-forward from St. Ignace, a Jesuit high school in San Francisco, who will now play at Washington. The alumnus who paid the tuition was a USF booster. No other examples of illegality were cited in the report.

Father Lo Schiavo continued at his press conference, "The basketball program at the University of San Francisco was once a source of inspiration, respect and pride for this university and city; that tradition adds to the sadness engendered by what it has now become. Because of it, we have now been perceived as being hypocritical or naive or inept or duplicitous, or perhaps some combination of all those. We have even had to suffer the accusation that we attempted to obstruct justice in order to protect a basketball player and preserve him for the team. However unjust those perceptions are—and they are grossly unjust—everyone who cares about USF must recognize that those perceptions have developed as a product of the basketball program. We have no responsible choice but to rid the university of the burden of them. All the legitimate purposes of an athletic program in an educational institution are be-



Lo Schiavo said the damage done to the school's integrity and reputation was immeasurable.

which have been plaguing us and which the university has been unsuccessfully trying to solve for many years. Those problems have put us in the position of defending ourselves before the NCAA Committee on Infractions twice in the past few years. The price the university has had to pay for those problems has been much greater than the heavy financial price. There is no way of measuring the damage that has been done to the university's most priceless assets, its integrity and its reputation."

Standing next to Lo Schiavo and looking downcast was Frank D. (Sandy) Tatum Jr., a senior partner of Cooley, Goddard, Castro, Huddleson and Tatum, which, as general counsel to the universi-

There had also been charges that USF had acted illegally in recruiting two high school players. Dailey himself added fuel to the fire when he said that he had received about \$5,000 in checks from Zabala's company, beginning just before Christmas 1980 and ending last Christmas (SCORECARD, July 26). At that time Dailey implicated USF Coach Peter Barry in one of the payments and said that on another occasion Barry had given him \$200 in an envelope to pay a car-rental bill.

Lo Schiavo mentioned no names or specific sums in his announcement. Of the Zabala-Dailey connection he simply said, "An alumnus, for whose actions the NCAA holds the university responsible,

ing distorted by the basketball program as it has developed."

To those familiar with the situation at USF and the man who made the decision, Lo Schiavo's action shouldn't have been so surprising. Twice during his tenure, the NCAA had put USF on probation. Coach Bob Gaillard resigned in 1978 while the first NCAA investigation was under way; his successor, Dan Bellocchini, was fired in 1980 as the result of an in-house inquiry. In appointing Barry before the 1980-81 season, Lo Schiavo had once again insisted upon a clean program. So the disclosure involving Dailey and Zabala was all it took for Lo Schiavo to make his decision. According to attorney Dan Johnson, a partner in the firm that conducted the investigation for the university, "As a practical matter, everyone should have understood that if there were other violations, Father Lo Schiavo was going to terminate the program."

Thus, Lo Schiavo became the first university administrator ever to take such punitive action against a major sport because of NCAA violations. His decision was applauded by such noted college coaches as Bobby Knight, Dean Smith and Joe Paterno (see SCORECARD, page 9). Barry said the action "seemed unfair," and there was stronger criticism by the commissioner of the WCAC and by certain supporters of the program.

At the end of last week Zabala was



Tatum directed the USF investigation; Walker, recommended by Reggie Jackson, represented Dailey.

making himself unavailable for comment and Dailey said only that the decision "hurt a little."

The president's announcement was particularly ironic, considering his background. "This decision was personally embarrassing to me," he said. "I played basketball and I coached, though not very successfully. I yell at basketball games as loud as anybody. But the decision had to be made in the best interest of the university."

A couple of weeks earlier, Tatum, a former president of the United States Golf Association, may have set the stage for Lo Schiavo's action while commenting on the conflicting forces that exist in a big-time athletic program. "There are a lot of perceived pluses—recognition for the university, positive identification, support from alumni and non-alumni that transcends athletics, a positive impact on the student body. And it's fair to say that it's a way for young men to get an education they wouldn't otherwise have access to and entry to a world that otherwise wouldn't be available to them." Then Tatum added, "The brutal fact, though, is that if you can't somehow manage to conduct the program within the rules, assuming the fact that you want to, then all the perceived pluses, every single one of them, turns into a painful minus. You can just kind of multiply all that for a religious institution."

When the 1981-82 season began, Dailey was a junior majoring in communications and the superstar of the basketball

team. He was considered modest and personable. He had worked as a disc jockey on the campus radio station, was the boyfriend of Reggie Jackson's niece and would make everyone's All-American team. When speculation arose that he would declare himself a hardship case in order to become eligible for the NBA draft (which eventually he did), Barry said, "If he stays next year, he'll end up being the mayor of San Francisco."

Now, as the result of his pleading guilty to aggravated assault on a USF nursing student, Dailey is lucky he's not in jail. He could have gotten as much as seven years and four months in a state prison or a year in a county jail, the sentence recommended by his probation officer. Originally he was charged with "assault with intent to commit rape, assault with the intent to commit oral copulation, assault by means of force likely to produce great bodily injury [aggravated assault], and willfully and unlawfully violating the personal liberty of [—] with said violation being affected [sic] by violence, menace, fraud, and deceit." On June 4 he pleaded guilty to aggravated assault, and all the other charges were dropped.

At that time, San Francisco Superior Court Judge Edward Stern indicated he would give Dailey three years' probation. On June 25, Stern did just that, and then noted that he had received "unsigned and unpleasant letters" because of the likelihood that he would put Dailey on probation instead of in jail. He also took the unusual step of commenting on his decision from the bench, saying he had first considered whether or not Dailey posed a danger to the community. In his opinion, Dailey did not. Second,

continued



Inspector Otten and Assistant D.A. Farlo, both San Francisco alumni, worked on the Dailey case.

San Francisco

Continued



Dailey averaged 20.5 points over three years.

Stern said he had spoken with the victim, and she agreed with the sentence. In sexual assault cases in California, it's customary to get the victim's opinion about the sentence, and the judge then read a letter from her that said, "In light of his conduct I have no sympathy for Quintin Dailey but I do feel that a jail sentence is not called for. He made threatening remarks about hurting me and using a weapon, but he did not seriously hurt me, use a weapon, or rape me. I feel lucky that I wasn't seriously harmed and I feel it is because it is not Quintin Dailey's character to behave violently. He certainly could have raped me, simply because of his strength and size. He has certainly not escaped this whole thing unpunished. He is now marked for life and it is bound to have some negative conse-

quences in the future. I feel that jail is not the answer to Quintin's problem. Probation will serve as a constant reminder of his mistake and I highly doubt it will ever happen again."

Though Dailey has privately maintained that he is innocent and a victim of mistaken identity, his guilty plea cleared the way for his selection, four days later, on June 29, by the Chicago Bulls in the first round of the draft. Even before the Bulls drafted Dailey, sports columnist John Schulan of the Chicago *Sun-Times*, wrote that "if you really want to know how badly the values of sport have been distorted, examine the presence of Quintin Dailey on the NBA's doorstep. . . I can't help believing that if Dailey weren't a basketball player, if he were just another creep off the street, he would still be learning what a chamber of horrors the halls of justice can be."

The reaction became even stronger in Chicago when Dailey appeared at a press conference held by the Bulls and failed to express remorse for the victim. "Basically, nobody heard my side of the story when it happened," he said. "And I really don't want to get into it now. I have forgotten about the episode. When you've got other, greater things ahead of you, I can put it behind me. Right now, it's forgotten."

The Chicago press denounced Dailey for his attitude. **BULLS LOSE ALREADY** read the headline on a Mike Royko piece in the *Sun-Times*. Royko quoted an anonymous woman who said she was going to organize a boycott of the team. On the same day in the same paper, Schulan wrote that "contrition didn't even seem to occur to" Dailey. "If he doesn't think

it's necessary to ask forgiveness after that, he can rest assured he will get no forgiveness."

Back in San Francisco, general columnist Dick Nolan of the *Examiner*, a paper that had defended Dailey after the charges were brought, wrote, "This kid is a real credit to the social, moral and intellectual guidance parlayed at the University of San Francisco."

Dailey's agent, Boston attorney Bob Woolf, says the public reaction to his client's problems has been "just like a lynching. I've never seen such vicious attacks. Even if he was guilty of everything the lady said, it wasn't that bad."

It is true that Dailey seems an unlikely person to be involved in such a sordid mess. A 21-year-old from Baltimore, he is the youngest of four brothers. (The oldest, Anthony, is a West Point graduate.) His mother and father died within a month of one another when he was 16. At first he lived with an aunt, and then he went to live with Howard and Delores Burton of Randallstown, Md., the parents of his girl friend, Wanda. Mrs. Burton's younger brother is Reggie Jackson, and Jackson and Dailey soon developed a close relationship. In fact, Dailey was in Jackson's entourage at the Yankee playoff victory party in Oakland last October when Jackson and Graig Nettles got into a fight over Reggie's guests.

At Cardinal Gibbons High in Baltimore, Dailey was a good student and an even better basketball player. In three years he scored 2,844 points and led the team to two straight Catholic League championships. He was never in trouble. Ray Mullis, his coach at Cardinal Gibbons, recalled in a letter to Dailey's pro-

Continued

Golden State Warrior draft choice Lester Conner guards Dailey in a summer league game.



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Continued



Reggie Wanda and Quintin Quintan at halftime of a game at USF.

bation officer. "The worst thing that Quintin did during his three years on the varsity basketball team was to oversleep and be late for a team meeting during a Christmas tournament. As team captain, Quintin was very responsible and did an outstanding job. In fact, during a Christmas tournament his junior year, a couple of players decided to have a beer in their room. Before one beer was finished, Quintin was knocking on my door and saying, 'Coach, we have a problem.'"

Although sought after by 200 schools, the 6'4", 180-pound Dailey chose San Francisco, where he averaged 20.5 points a game and played on teams that won 71 of 91 games in three seasons. But it all began to fall apart—for him and ultimately the USF basketball program—in the early morning hours of last Dec. 21. The alleged events of that night and the days following are recounted here in considerable detail to delineate the terrible nature of Dailey's assault, a crime for which he might not have been punished.

Those events could not have begun more innocuously. At approximately 1 a.m. the resident adviser on the third floor of Phelan Hall, a girls' section of the dormitory, heard a noise outside in the hall. The R.A., a 5'4", 130-pound, blonde senior nursing major, went

out to investigate and saw Dailey and teammate Eric Booker carrying a mattress from the adjacent men's annex toward the elevator. When she asked them what they were doing, Dailey said he was taking his mattress down to a room on the second floor for the Christmas break. She told him to make sure he returned it to his room before he left. Dailey and Booker said, "Cool," and got on the elevator while the young woman went back to her room. At around 3 a.m. she fell asleep, but at about 3:45 she was awakened in the darkened room. "I rolled over, opened my eyes and saw Quintin standing over me," she testified in a closed preliminary hearing on March 22. She said she asked, "Quintin, what are you doing in my room?" and he

said, "Your door was open." According to the woman, the door wasn't open but had been left unlatched. She said to him, "It is awfully late."

Q. [by Assistant District Attorney William Fazio:] And what did Mr. Dailey respond to that statement by you?

A. He sat down on the bed, and he, he said he had had his eyes on me for a long time.

Q. How far was he sitting from you at that time?

A. About six inches.

The woman said she smelled alcohol on Dailey's breath and recalled Dailey's saying he had been partying on the second floor of Phelan Hall with Ken McAlister, the captain of the basketball team, and Booker. She tried to engage him in small talk and told him that she would prefer to discuss things at a later date because she wanted to go to sleep. He then asked her to kiss him.

Q. Did you feel threatened or intimidated by him at that time?

A. Yes.

Q. Why was that?

A. Because he hadn't left my room, and I had asked him already to leave.

Q. And when he asked you to kiss him, what did you say?

A. I said no. . . . He said, "Why?"

Q. What did you say?

A. And I just said, "I feel in the condition you are in right now, it might lead to something else."

According to the young woman, Dailey said to her, "Well, it just will be a little kiss." She said she didn't want to kiss him, and he replied, "I will leave if you kiss me." She asked if he would leave if she agreed to kiss him, and he said, "Yes, I promise." The young woman kissed him, but he still didn't leave. He wanted to kiss her again, and when she refused him, she said that he pushed her shoulders down on the bed and told her to kiss him. She was scared, and she said, "No, I already kissed you, and you told me you would leave. I would like you to leave."

She said she tried to engage him in small talk again, and they talked about the basketball team and his girl friend. He asked her if she had seen him play in a recent game on TV, and she said that she had and that he had played very well. He didn't want to talk about his girl friend. He seemed angry and said, "She is gone. . . . She is not coming back." The young woman said to him, "Well, I don't want you taking your anger out on me." Next, she testified, he pushed her head back with his hands and kissed her on the lips. She told him that wasn't a cool thing to do and asked him to leave. He pulled down the bedcovers. The young woman was wearing a medical scrub gown. She said he told her that he wanted her. She testified, "I took it that he wanted to have sex with me." She

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Dailey had plenty of respect as a DJ on the campus station.





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told him that she didn't want to do that, and he asked, "Why not?" She said she was against the idea. Frightened, she suddenly sat up and screamed for help. Then, she said, Dailey pushed her down, covered her mouth and told her to shut up. He told her that if she didn't shut up, "he would pull a weapon out and hurt me." She said he told her that he had a gun, but she never saw it or felt it.

Q. Were you concerned that he was going to rape you?

A. Yes.

Q. What happened next?

A. He said he wasn't going to rape me.

Q. Did he leave at that time?

A. No.

Q. What did he do?

A. He said, "I want you to want me."

Q. And...

A. He told me he loved me, he had his eyes on me, and he wanted me to submit to him... I said I wouldn't do that.

She said the intruder tried to pull her legs apart. She reached down and twisted the bottom of the scrub gown between her legs. After a while he gave up and insisted for a long time that she kiss him and submit to him. She refused, and he said that he would finally leave if she kissed him again. Desperate, she



A San Francisco booster paid Farrier's high school tuition

kissed him, but he still refused to leave. Then, she said, Dailey asked to suck her breast and tried to pull her gown down. He kissed her on the neck and left a mark. By now she estimated about an hour had passed. The young woman tried to get up to reach her phone, but he put his hands on her throat and used his weight to push her down. She felt herself being choked. She felt as though she were about to pass out, and "I felt that if I acted like I was going to pass out sooner than I really would, he would get scared, which seemed to work. I started gagging, and he said, 'I don't want to kill her; under his breath, and he pulled himself away.'" He warned her she had better not say anything to anyone because it would ruin his reputation on the team. He tried to pull her legs apart again, and then he fell asleep on top of the young woman. He slept for about 15 minutes but awoke when she tried to wriggle free.

Q. What happened when he woke up?

A. He pushed me back down again... and he kissed me, this time forcibly.

Q. What happened next?

A. He told me that, to feel him... I just said no. I just said no... He pulled down his pants, grabbed my hand, put it down there and told me to feel him.

As Dailey became more insistent, she said, she decided to masturbate him because "Number one, it would pacify him and he wouldn't be so aggressive with me, and number two, if he was able to ejaculate, he would not be able to rape me." The student said that after she refused Dailey's demand for oral sex, he ejaculated on the bedsheets and then fell asleep on top of her. It was now about 5:30 or 6 in the morning. About a half hour later, she said, he rolled off her, and she realized that he was in a deeper sleep than he had been previously. At about 6:45, she slid down to the bottom of the bed and left through the door.

She went across the hall to go to the bathroom, and then headed downstairs to the second floor to see the dorm resident director,

Ed Conlino, "because I had in mind something that would get Quintan out of my room." She didn't tell Conlino that there was anyone in her room or that she had been assaulted. Instead, she asked him to wait two or three minutes, phone her room and then hang up. If she didn't return to Conlino's room in 10 minutes, he was to come up to find out what was going on. She went back upstairs to the bathroom across from her room, crouched down and looked out through ventilation slats in the door to see if Dailey came out of her room. She saw Charlie Reynolds, another resident adviser, coming down the hall and called to him. She asked him to knock on the door to her room and call out her name, without explaining why. She could see Reynolds's feet through the slats when he knocked on her door. After he knocked a second time, she saw someone leave her room and Reynolds chase him, not toward the men's annex but to an exit. She went back down to Conlino's room and explained, without naming anyone, what had happened in her room that night. Reynolds then showed up in Conlino's room to report that a color television set had been stolen from his room earlier



Harris may have been a red-shirted center on the basketball team but he was a *Rogue* in the dorm

that same evening and also that he had chased and confronted a man who had run from the young woman's room.

Cross examination of the young woman by Dauley's attorney, George Walker: Q. Did Charlie indicate that he in any way recognized the individual?

A. No.

Q. . . . Was it your intention that the individual who was in your room be caught?

A. No.

Q. You didn't want him caught?

A. I did not want him caught.

Q. . . . That is because you thought at the time it was Quintin Dailey.

A. That is true.

Q. And if he got away, you were going to let the whole matter drop, at least at that point?

A. That is true.

Reynolds, who wasn't a witness at the hearing, says, "I saw [the young woman] on her way back to the bathroom where she was going to peer out from the slats. She was obviously panic-stricken. I didn't have my glasses on—my vision is 20/100—and things were blurry, but I did see a person walk down the hall. He was a black guy, 6' 2", dark jacket, green pants. Dark complexioned, slender, strong. He went by where [the young woman] was peering through the slats. I said, 'Can I help you?' He started running, and I chased him down a fire escape. Then he started to swing something. It might have been a belt. I couldn't see. I kept up the pursuit. I just wanted to get a look at him. I thought he was some black guy out of the ghetto by USF. He was very fast. I went down Clayton Street for a block, then he turned left and went into a space between two buildings. I didn't see where he had gone, and I went past him. I came back, and then I saw him. At that point he looked me in the eye, and he said, 'You want to play hero? I'll show you a hero!' I was very scared, and he started chasing me. A lady was getting out of a car, an orange car, it might have been a Pinto, and I said, 'Call the police!' I got a look at him, but I couldn't make out his face. I wasn't even close enough to say it was Quintin Dailey or someone else. I couldn't recognize the person. Basically, I guess, I'm a worthless witness."

Confino advised the young woman to see Dr. Sue Shoff in the USF Counseling Center. Before she did, she returned upstairs, showered and dressed. At 8 she

continued



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had to attend a meeting for desk clerks, and then at about 9:30 she went to see Confino again. She was very distraught and very tired. Confino again urged her to see Shoff, and this time he accompanied her to Shoff's office. The young woman told both of them what had happened that night, and for the first time she mentioned Quentin Dailey by name.

While with Shoff and Confino, the young woman phoned Paul Moraes, a friend who was also Dailey's resident adviser. She asked Moraes if Dailey had ever shown any interest in her, and explained that a man she believed was Dailey had entered her room that night and "made me do all kinds of crazy things." She asked if Dailey had a goatee. Moraes, who had seen Dailey the morning before, said Dailey was clean-shaven.

At the urging of Shoff and Confino, the young woman next went to the campus Public Safety headquarters, where she began giving a statement to Officer Mary Bertka. After about 15 to 30 minutes, Bertka called in the Director of Public Safety, Sviatoslav (Yash) Yasinitsky, a bearded Russian emigre who had served 27 years as a San Francisco police officer and a man who looks upon himself as a "father to the students." Yasinitsky then interviewed the young woman while Bertka filled out an incident report in which Dailey was named as the sus-

pect. At four that afternoon, Yasinitsky went to see Dailey. As Yasinitsky later wrote in his incident report, Dailey "appeared to know nothing about this incident which was not revealed to him, except in general terms. He appeared to have had a sober countenance, and otherwise showed no reasons to suspect him as the above intruder. Dailey explained that he had moved from the fifth floor Phelan to the second, with the help of Eric Booker, another player. And that he fell asleep in his new room at about 02:30 hours. He awakened about 0900 hrs, and went to the Housing desk where he talked to two white females about his residence. He also agreed to take a polygraph test if it is necessary to clear himself in this case." Yasinitsky told SI that in his encounter with Dailey, "He behaved bewildered about my questioning. I said a woman had been molested. He sprung up and said, 'I don't need to rape anyone.'"

At about 5 p.m. Yasinitsky spoke to the young woman a second time. He explained that he had drawn a line through Dailey's name in Bertka's report because he doubted Dailey was involved. She told him she had "a five-percent doubt" that the assailant was Dailey—she later said she simply didn't want to believe it was Dailey—and Yasinitsky warned her that she could have a tough time prosecuting

the case because it would be her word against Dailey's and there was no physical evidence. But there was a reason for that, Yasinitsky took no photographs of the bruises on her neck, arms and shoulders, he didn't dust the room for fingerprints. ("The only surface conducive to fingerprints was the phone, and the suspect didn't touch it," Yasinitsky says, and he didn't take the bed sheets so that the ejaculate could be tested for blood type. The young woman didn't want to go to the city police, but Yasinitsky said she would have to report the incident herself because the police wouldn't accept a third-party report. The young woman said she would think about it during Christmas vacation.

At home, the victim agonized about what course of action she should take. She returned to USF on Dec. 28, and Yasinitsky again told her she had to file a report, but he urged her not to name Dailey. A few days later, when she saw Dailey in the USF Commons, she felt compelled to act at last. She saw Yasinitsky and told him that she was going to get in touch with the police and name Dailey. Yasinitsky told her he didn't believe Dailey was the assailant, and he urged her to think it over. According to Lavin, the young woman was very frustrated that Yasinitsky was trying to talk her out of naming Dailey, and on Jan. 1 she told the police about the incident.

There can be no doubt that basketball players have gotten special treatment at USF. Charles Reynes says that about six weeks after the incident, "Yash and some lawyers brought me down and showed me pictures of black guys and had me listen to voices. Yash told me it couldn't be Quentin Dailey. It seems like they had to handle the case with kid gloves, but their gloves were awful soft. I told Yash, 'Yeah, but what about what happened last year?' You wouldn't do anything then." I was attacked by a seven-two basketball player, a white guy, Rogie Harris. The guy made death threats. I reported this, but the school told me that if I wanted to press assault charges, they would put the burden on me. It seems to me that if I'm an R.A. and a university employee, the school should back me up, and it was a very scary incident. But they kind of brushed it off. Rogie came into my room, ripped a couple of buttons off my shirt, threw me on the bed, and said—there were two other people in the



Harris, flanked by assistants Vince Coutts and Ken Smith, had a 49-13 record in two years as coach.

room—that if they moved they were dead, he'd kill them. Then he left.

"Some of the players they recruit are not outstanding. They are not interested in going to school. There is very little discipline at USF for basketball players. It's sick, and this is my alma mater. What started the whole thing with Rogue is that he had a university chair in his room, and the student head resident for the dorm [Gerald Brunn] found out about it. He was supposed to return it, he didn't, and I told the head resident this. Public Safety went into his room, took the chair and four marijuana plants that Rogue was growing in his room. The guy went out of his mind that his marijuana plants had been taken, and that's when he threatened me with death. This guy was near crazy—and I'd rather you didn't quote me because he lives near me and might come after me again—but he tore towel dispensers off the bathroom walls, he broke the glass in the fire extinguishers, and nobody did anything. An attitude at USF that permeates down is that no one is supposed to do anything about basketball players. I'd write him up, but then I'd leave it up to the discretion of my superiors as to what should be done. It was like I was infected, too. It's like a disease at USF." Indeed, Brunn says he complained about the commotion in Reynes's room to Yasmitsky. Brunn says Yasmitsky didn't report the incident to the San Francisco police because, "He said that if the police were brought in there would be headlines the next day because Rogue's a basketball player."

On Jan. 1, two San Francisco police inspectors, J. Peter Otten and his partner, Kevin O'Connor, began investigating the Dailey case. Both, incidentally, had attended USF. Fazio, the assistant D.A. who prosecuted the case, is a graduate of the USF law school. Throughout, Dailey maintained his innocence, and said he hadn't been drinking on the night in question. Farley Gates, a freshman on the basketball team, later testified in the closed preliminary hearing that at about 12:30 or 1 a.m. on the night in question, Dailey came into his, Gates's, room wearing a red smoking jacket and smoking a pipe. Gates's parents, sisters and brother were there visiting from New Hampshire, and Gates's father put his arm around Quentin and teased him about the pipe, saying, "You devil, you." Mrs. Gates offered Dailey a drink, but he

refused. To all present, he was absolutely sober. Dailey left the room before the Gates family did at 1:30. At around 3:30 a.m., Farley Gates had to go to the bathroom down the hall and left the door to his room open because he kept it on lock. As he was about to enter the bath-



Zakaria as Century Club president in 1972-73.

room, he heard his room door slam shut. Gates began banging on the door to wake up his little brother, who was spending the night with him, and Dailey came down the hall with his red smoking jacket on. He started making fun of Gates for being locked out of his room in his undershorts.

Q. (by George Walker, Dailey's attorney). Now, calling your attention to 3:30 in the morning, when you saw him out there, and you were in your shorts, did he appear to have been drinking?

A. Not at the time, no.

Q. Were you close enough to him that you could have smelled his breath?

A. Yeah.

Q. And did, by any stretch of the imagination, could he have been drinking at that particular time, or drinking—

A. No.

Dailey also says he has another witness as to his whereabouts and state of sobriety on that night. Calvin Tom, a friend from Oakland, Dailey says that Tom "was with me that night until I went to sleep at 3:40." Tom wasn't called as a witness in the case.

On Jan. 27, Dailey went voluntarily—but without a lawyer—to police head-

quarters, where he had an appointment to take a polygraph test. Lie detector tests aren't admissible as evidence in California courts, but the test eventually led Dailey to make a statement that, although ambiguous, in part tilted the scales against him. "If he had gone there with a lawyer, there would have been no case against him," says George Walker, who wasn't retained until after the damage had been done. Inspector Howard Bailey, who administered the test, says, "Everything was done to accommodate him. I gave the test later than I usually do. The test was after practice." Bailey explained the procedures to Dailey, and then gave him the test, which took about 40 minutes. He asked Dailey if he wanted to wait while he evaluated the test, but Dailey chose not to. On Feb. 5, after Dailey returned from a road trip, he went back to police headquarters, where Bailey said he had evaluated the test and that Dailey had been deceptive.

Q. (by Fazio). . . What, if anything, did Mr. Dailey ask you after you discussed the results of the polygraph with him?

A. He asked me if a person walking in his sleep could commit the acts alleged on the 21st of December at the University of San Francisco in [—]s room.

Q. What did you tell him?

A. I answered that some people occasionally do walk in their sleep. He wanted to know if a person walking in their sleep could do that. I told him this particular type of prolonged conduct is out of the question. . . . Mr. Dailey next asked me what I would say if he were able to provide some of his friends as witnesses that would swear he was with them the entire night of December 21st, 1981, and never in [—]s room.

Q. What was your response to that?

A. I told him that I knew what had occurred on December 21st, 1981, and that having his friends be for him would only subject them to problems.

Q. What did he say then?

A. He asked me, should I confess to something I didn't do, which I emphatically responded, absolutely not. . . . to just tell the truth about what he did do.

Q. What, if anything, did Mr. Dailey say?

A. Well, there was a pause, then he stated that, all right, I was there, but I didn't mean to harm her, I never did anything like that before.

Dailey's admission that he had been in the victim's room—damaging evi-

continued

dence—prompted Bailey to ask him to describe the incident on tape in his own words (see box below). Although his recollections were imprecise, the police and Fazio were elated. “The next thing you know we get a call from the USF attorneys,” says Fazio. “They want to convince us that Dailey isn’t the guy. We

meet with Stu Kinder and Dan Johnson from the law firm, but they didn’t have any information we didn’t have and we told them that Dailey flunked the polygraph test. And then we played the tape to them.”

On Feb. 16 Dailey retained Walker at the suggestion of Reggie Jackson, who

said he would pay his fee. A week later Dailey was arrested, charged and released on \$5,000 bail. USF officials said they believed Dailey was innocent. “We’re going to support Quintin, and he’s not going to be suspended until it has been proved that he has done something wrong,” said Athletic Director Bill

continued

‘But I Didn’t Mean No Harm’

The following is the transcript of a San Francisco police interrogation of Quintin Dailey on Feb. 5, 1982, taped after he failed a lie detector test on Jan. 27 and, according to police, immediately after he acknowledged that he had been in the assault victim’s room:

The date today is February 5, 1982, the time is 17:43 hours. I’m Howard D. Bailey, the [polygraph expert] for the San Francisco Police Department and with me is a young man and may I have your name or?

A. Quintin Dailey, ...

Q. Before we talk at all about anything regarding the case for which you are here on, I would like to tell you about the Miranda Warning and that is you have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a Court of Law. You have the right to talk to a lawyer and have him present with you while you are being questioned. If you cannot afford to hire a lawyer, one will be appointed to represent you before any questioning if you wish one. Now Quintin do you understand each of these rights I’ve explained to you?

A. Yes I have.

Q. And having these rights in mind, do you wish to discuss this case ah regarding an incident that you have talked about with me?

A. Uh huh [meaning yes]

Q. Now ah Quintin ah going back to a particular date ah I want to get the exact date, December 21, 1981, and there is also a schoolmate of yours, I mean another person that intends USF, a young lady by the name of I—I, do you know I—I? Maybe not well but do you know who she is?

A. Yes.

Q. Okay, now this case revolves around ah that you had entered her room on the 21st of December, 1981, and then there had been some ah maybe some sexual activities that had occurred, can you just tell me what occurred that particular night?

A. Well,

Q. Did you go, did you go to her room or did you happen to find yourself in her room?

A. I can’t do it. I can’t do it, that’s it because

due to the fact that I’m going against something that I never did

Q. Okay you say you’re going against something that you never did ah I mean, oh let me ask you this, did you that particular night did you intend any harm against ...

A. I never intended no harm against I—I or anyone

Q. Okay did, that particular night did you make a mistake that you hadn’t made before?

A. Unconsciously, I think I did.

Q. Okay.

A. Most likely I didn’t, consciously I probably did, I don’t know.

Q. Okay, did you recall what occurred, I mean, just to the best of your recollection, do you recall what occurred at that particular time?

A. Okay I don’t have no memory of what had taken place in the room, I might have did something.

Q. Okay do you remember talking to her in her room?

A. I don’t even remember that, I might have been there but I don’t remember that I have ever touched her or anything right at the point.

Q. Okay

A. And I don’t feel that, you know I feel

Q. Okay when you were at her room, okay you’ve mentioned that you were at her room, what were your intentions when you were there, if you recall?

A. My intentions I guess were just to talk to her I guess.

Q. Okay were you had you been drinking?

A. I didn’t take a drop, I might have ...

Q. Were you possibly tired?

A. Very very tired.

Q. Okay Are there times that when you are tired that you may not remember too well where you’ve been or what you’ve done. Do you get to that stage of being tired or exhausted?

A. No I don’t

Q. Okay you said before that this was a very unusual incident cause I know in talking with you that ah you seem to be very much a gentleman and you’ve conducted yourself as a

gentleman in the you know the brief time that I’ve known you or talked with you and I would like to say that so it would appear to me that and what you’ve said that it is an unusual occurrence is that so?

A. I think it was most unusual personally if I was there, if I was consciously there I would certainly admit it, if I was there subconsciously I don’t know but I didn’t mean no harm to the young lady and I hope that she accepts my apology and I honestly would never hurt a person in my life.

Q. Okay, is there anything further that you would like to say about that particular evening or is that about sum up what you said?

A. Ah.

Q. If we could just go over it one more time so that we might have it pretty clear, that you said that you recall maybe just talking with her in her room is that correct right? If that’s so just let me know, if you just recall talking to her in her room

A. Ah like I said subconsciously I don’t think I was talking ... I might have been talking to her, but rightly so I don’t now, right now if you ask me I don’t know, but subconsciously I probably was there.

Q. Okay if you were probably there, now do you recall how long you were there?

A. I don’t know.

Q. Okay, and just to go over it, now correct me if I’m wrong, but I believe you said when you were there, you didn’t intend to harm anybody?

A. I never intend to harm no one?

Q. Okay and did you harm anybody?

A. No I did not.

Q. You feel that you harmed anybody?

A. I don’t feel that I ever harmed anybody.

Q. And then you have voiced the opinion that that even your feelings are that you would like to extend an apology to I—I?

A. Yes I would like to extend an apology to I—I and I hope this didn’t detract her unimpairedly [sic] and ah you know anything else that you need ah I’ll voluntarily give you as much as you need

Q. Okay Quintin, I appreciate that I don’t think we will prolong this anymore but I appreciate you coming down here voluntarily today and chatting with me and if that’s about it we will end this brief interview, the time now being 1750 hours. Thank you Quintin.

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Fusco. Dailey sat out the first game following his arrest, but he came back the next night to play against Pepperdine at USF's McMorris Gymnasium and he received a standing ovation from the overflow crowd of 7,005. Because Dailey's head was shaved, some wondered if he was attempting to alter his appearance so his accuser couldn't identify him. But after the game he said he always got a haircut before a big game. He scored 42 points that night, the second-best performance ever by a Don player, and sports columnist Lowell Cohn wrote in the *Chronicle*, "Everyone, I'm sure, wished him well. I felt ashamed that I had secretly put him on trial during the game. There is no more pleasant guy than Dailey. He smiled bravely at us." Dailey had the support of many students. At the Pepperdine game someone hung a banner with the victim's name on it, saying —, YOU WISE.

Walker took Dailey's case at a difficult time. It soon became apparent to him that his client was locked in a box. First, there were his statements—recorded and unrecorded—made to Bailey, which Judge Stern ruled admissible, even though Walker argued they were an extension of the inadmissible polygraph test. Then there was the March 22 hearing in which the young woman, obviously the victim of an assault, insisted that Dailey was the assailant.

While Walker was preparing for the March 22 preliminary hearing, he says he was tipped off that a black street guy, who resembled Dailey and who lived near USF, had bragged to a friend that he had pretended to be Dailey and that he had been "fooling with the white girls" sometime before Jan. 1. As Walker told the court, the street guy, whom he named (and who he believed had a prior sex offense), "said he was going up there to get to the white girls." Unfortunately, Walker added, the street guy disappeared after the Dailey case became public, and neither Walker nor the police were able to question him.

After the March 22 hearing, Walker talked over the crucial elements of the case with Dailey. The young woman had identified Dailey as the assailant. The look-alike had vanished. The NBA draft was coming up on June 29. If Dailey wanted to fight the charges, he could, but Walker could offer no guarantee of victory. If Dailey fought the case, the trial



Many of USF's basketball achievements are represented in the Bill Russell Room of Memorial Gym.

would extend beyond the NBA draft, so he would be sure to miss out on this season even if he were acquitted later in a trial. If he were convicted in a trial, he might never play pro ball, because he could get seven years and four months in state prison. Moreover, after serving his time, Dailey, as a sex offender, would have to register with the police or sheriff in any county in California where he lived, even temporarily. If anyone flashed in a school yard or anyone was raped, Dailey could count on being hauled in for questioning, with all the attendant publicity.

Walker and Dailey then discussed the fact that if he pleaded guilty to the lesser charge of aggravated assault—the option he ultimately chose—the sex charges would be dropped and he would get three years' probation before the NBA draft. If he were drafted and his probation record was clean, at the end of his probation he could have the court reduce the offense to a misdemeanor and set aside the guilty plea on the felony conviction. He could then enter a plea of not guilty to the misdemeanor, and, Walker says, "the matter would be discharged, and he will not have any offense on his record. He can even say, 'I have not been convicted of any charge.' With that guarantee, Dailey could be sentenced four days before the draft—all teams would understand he would have no jail time—and after three

years he would have an unblemished record. This situation in California law is called a "wobbler." The legislative intent behind it is that a man's life is looked at in totality rather than for one instance. He had no record for being aggressive and no sexual background. He's the only client I've ever had that I've been able to bring to the house, and my wife hates the work I do. She thinks I'm always defending crooks and getting them off, but I tell her I make the police honest, I make the prosecution honest, the judge honest. After all, I'm a sworn officer of the court. I had two cracks at the case [if it went to trial]. First, the ID. Second, "So what if I were there? What did I do?" Difficult, but if I got a hung jury, the case is unlikely to be tried again."

And so Dailey forsook his proclaimed innocence and pleaded guilty to aggravated assault in order to accept a three-year probation and the prospect of a huge pro contract. Whether Dailey was guilty or not, a defense attorney willing to risk a conviction and the termination of his client's basketball career might have gotten Dailey off. But Fazio says, "If Dailey is not guilty—and I'm convinced of his guilt—let him come back here and withdraw his guilty plea, and we'll try the case."

That's just one of the things San Francisco basketball fans can think about in the empty winters ahead. **END**

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Edited by GAY FLOOD

TABBED FOR GREATNESS

Sir:

Congratulations to Mary Decker Tabb *It Was Just Another Mary Chase*, July 26! Competing in a country where women's sports are subordinated to men's and, furthermore, where the simple grace and beauty of track and field are overshadowed by gaudy, high-priced, "manufactured" sports, she is quietly carving out a niche as one of the world's premier athletes—and not just women athletes, either! Thanks to Kenny Moore and SI for your continuing, thoughtful coverage of track.

JOHN TAYLOR
New York City

Sir:

The Mary Decker Tabb cover made my day. In the past year Mary has progressed from the top American female middle-distance runner to perhaps the best in the world. And what a phenomenal range—from 800 to 10,000 meters! By the time Mary finishes charming track audiences, she may need a special page in the record book.

HOWARD M. SCHMECKZ
Meet Director
Wanamaker Millrose Games
New York City

Sir:

Who needs the swimsuit issue when women athletes who look this good grace your cover?

BARRY C. RUSSELL
OJESIA, MO

BILL WALSH'S PHILOSOPHY

Sir:

Few articles capture the essence of an individual with the clarity and accuracy of Kenny Moore's piece on San Francisco 49er Coach Bill Walsh (*To Baffle and Amaze*, July 26). We Cincinnatians weren't thrilled when our Bengals lost Super Bowl XVI to the 49ers, but our disappointment was tempered by the warm spot in our hearts for Walsh, the Bengals' former assistant coach.

EDWARD C. ECKEL
CINCINNATI

Sir:

I almost feel I should send SI a check for \$25 or \$30 as payment for one of the finest "coaching classics" I've ever experienced! Kenny Moore's brilliant article on Bill Walsh. The Walsh philosophy goes beyond the X's and O's and into something much more crucial. I'm a basketball coach, and I found Walsh's beliefs to be extremely well suited for both coaching and living. The thing that separates Walsh from so many other fine coaches was summed up by his son Steve: "perfection-

ism without obsession"—a simple statement that takes a lifetime to assimilate. The Bill Bradley article on team cohesiveness (*You Can't Buy Heart*, Oct. 31, 1977) and Kenny Moore's current masterpiece are articles every coach would profit from.

JACK BENNETT
Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.

Sir:

After witnessing the dedication of Vince Lombardi, his tactics and philosophy, after believing everything Peter Gent said in *North Dallas Forty*, after being subjected to Joe Thomas in Baltimore and after being sickened by the meat-packaging inhumanity of pro football, I attempted to avoid the sport. Then along came Bill Walsh and his 49ers. Kenny Moore depicts him as being everything I hoped he would be. The character of Walsh may yet save the character of pro football.

JOHN J. CAMMARDELLA JR.
Church Hill, Md.

SEATTLE

Sir:

The article *Seattle: City Life at Its Best* (July 19) was cruel and unusual punishment. Only recently, because of a lack of job opportunities, I was forced to forsake the Northwest and journey elsewhere. However, you've rekindled my love for that part of the country. Without a doubt, Seattle is the most beautiful and complete city in America.

ROBERT KOSTICH
Berkeley, Calif.

Sir:

Sarah Pileggi's article is only the latest in a series of attempts by outsiders to expose to the world what every upstanding Seattleite has tried to keep secret. Every time one of these features about my beautiful hometown hits the newsstands, curious friends and relatives from the East call me to find out if what they've read is true. I've always been able to brush them off by saying that it was rummy and amusing, but your exquisite photographs have ruined my play. What can I tell them now? There goes the neighborhood. Thanks for nothing, SI!

DANIEL M. BRANLEY
Seattle

Sir:

Thanks, but no thanks! Will the last person who has moved to Seattle please close the door!

JEFF ROSS
Bellevue, Wash.

Sir:

Your report on Seattle was a disservice to your readers. Our major sport teams range in quality from mediocre to inept, the Sonics'

two-year aberration being the exception. It's incorrect to say that almost everybody in town is a Seahawk fan. How could they be, with the quality of play the team has shown under Coach Jack Patera?

No respectable Seattle native would live in a houseboat, the habitat of New York boat people. Jim Zorn and Steve Largent do, as you stated, represent the "new Seattleites": young, moderate, anti-union, in effect. The Seattle Tennis Club may be less stuffy than similar clubs in other cities, but, for the most part, blacks get in the club only through the service entrance. Lake Washington has been cleaned up, but fish caught near downtown in Puget Sound have a high incidence of tumors as a result of pollution.

It rains a lot out here. Without the rain there would be no way to flush away our "big city" air pollution. Unemployment is high and rising. Write about Vancouver, British Columbia or Portland, Ore. That's where you'll find city life at its best. Your Seattle doesn't exist in Seattle.

KEVIN KEEFE
Seattle

Sir:

Sarah Pileggi made brief mention of Seattle's professional teams but failed to comment on what is perhaps Seattle's finest team, the University of Washington's football Huskies.

CHARLES SCHARFF
Eugene, Ore.

Sir:

Your Seattle story—just great! we say, Pacific Northwest life-style is the way. Not mentioned was a homemaker's smile. Enjoying the famous Longacres Mile. Come and spend the doodah day.

R. TURK WHITEHEAD
Richmond, British Columbia

JENSEN AND ESSEGIAN

Sir:

Your statement (FOR THE RECORD, July 26) that California's Jackie Jensen is the only man to play on both Rose Bowl and World Series teams isn't accurate. He shares this distinction with Chuck Essegian of archival Stanford, who opposed Illinois in the 1952 Rose Bowl game and got two pinch-hit home runs for the Dodgers in the 1959 Series against the White Sox.

EDGAR A. McDOWELL
Palo Alto, Calif.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10030.

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